

The Prologue.



That Creature is in health, eyther yong or olde,
But som mirth with modestie wil be glad to vse
As we in thys Enterlude shall now vnsolde,
Wherin all scurilitie we vtterly refuse,
Auiding such mirth wherin is abuse;
Knowing nothing more comfutable for a mā's re-
Than Mirth which is vled in an honest fashon: (creation
For Mirth prolongeth lyfe, and causeth health.
Mirth recreates our spirites and boydeth pensinensse,
Mirth increaseth amitie, not hindring our wealth,
Mirth is to be vled both of more and lesse,
Being mixed with vertue in decent complayse:
As we trust no good nature can gain say the same:
Which mirth we intende to vse, auoiding all blame.
The wylde Poets long time heretofore,
Under merrie Comedies secretes did declare,
Wherein was contained very vertuous lore,
With mysteries and soiewarnings very rare.
Suche to wyte neither Plautus nor Terence dyd spare,
Whiche among the learned at this day beares the bell:
These with such other therein dyd excell.
Our Comedie or Enterlude which we intende to play.
Is named Roster Doster in deede.
Which against the dayne glorious doth inuep,
Whose humour the roasting sort continually doth feede.
Thus by your pacience we intende to procede
In this our Enterlude by Gods leaue and grace,
And here I take my leaue for a certaine space.


FINIS.

Aij-

Actus

Roister Doister.
Actus. j. Scæna. j.

Mathewe Merygreeke. *He entreath singing.*

s long lyueth the mery man (they say)
As doth the sozy man, and longer by a day.
Yet the Grasshopper for all his Sommer pipping,
Sterueth in Winter with hungrie griping,
Therefore an other sayd saue both men aduise,
That they be together both mery and wise.
Thys Lesson must I praïse, or else ere long,
With mee Mathew Merygreeke it will be wrong.
In dede men so call me, for by him that vs bought,
What euer chaunce betide, I can take no thought,
Yet wisdom would be that I did my selfe bethinke
Where to be prouided this day of meate and drinke:
For knowe ye, that for all this merie note of mine,
He might appose me now that should aske where I dine.
My lyuing lieth here and there, of Gods grace,
Sometime with this good man, sometime in that place,
Sometime Lewis Loytrer biddeth me come nere,
Sometwhyles Matkin Master maketh vs good chere,
Sometime Dany Diceplayer when he hath well cast
Repeth reuell route as long as it will last.
Sometime Tom Titiville maketh vs a feast,
Sometime with sir Hugh Pye I am a bidden guest,
Sometime at Richol Penethruies I get a soppe,
Sometime I am feasted with Bryan Blinkinsoppe,
Sometime I hang on Hankyn Hobbododies saue,
But thys day on Ralph Royster Doysters by hys laue.
For truly of all men he is my chiefe banker
Both for meate and money, and my chiefe shotanker.
For, soth Roister Doister in that he doth say,
And require what ye will ye shall haue no nay.

But

Roister Doister.

But now of Roister Doister somewhat to expresse,
That ye may esteeme him after hys worthinesse,
In these twentie townes and seke them throughout,
Is not the like stocke, whereon to graffe a loute.
All the day long is he facing and craking
Of his great actes in fighting and fraymaking :
But when Roister Doister is put to his prowe,
To keepe the Quenes peace is moze for his behoufe.
If any woman smyle or cast on hym an eye,
Up is he to the harde eares in loue by and by,
And in all the hotte haste must she be hys wife,
Else farewell hys good days, and farewell his life,
Paissler Hause Royster Doister is but dead and gon
Excepte she on hym take some compassion,
Then chiefe of counsell, must be Pathelo Merygrake,
What if I for mariage to suche an one seeke ?
Then must I looth it, what euer it is :
For what he sayth or doth can not be amisse,
Holde by his pea and nay, be his nowne white sonne,
Prayse and rouse him well, and ye haue his heart wonne,
For so well liketh he his owne sonde fashions
That he taketh pride of false commendations.
But such sporte haue I with him as I would not leese,
Though I should be bounde to lyue with bread and cheese.
For eralt hym, and haue hym as ye lust in deede :
Pea to hold his finger in a hole for a neede.
I can with a worde make him sayne or loth,
I can with as much make him pleased or wroth,
I can when I will make him mery and glad,
I can when me lust make him soyr and sad,
I can set him in hope and eke in dispaire,
I can make him speake rough, and make him speake faire.
But I maruell I see hym not all thys same day,
I wyl seeke him out : But loe he cometh thys way,

I haue

Roiſter Doiſter.

I haue yond eſpied hym ſadly comming,
And in loue ſoꝝ twentie pounde, by hys glomming.

Actus. j. Scæna. ij.

Rafe Roiſter Doiſter.

Mathew Merygreeke.

R. Roiſter.

M. Mery.

R. Roiſter.

M. Mery.

R. Roiſter.

M. Mery.

R. Roiſter.

M. Mery.

R. Roiſter.

M. Mery.

R. Roiſter.

M. Mery.

R. Roiſter.

M. Mery.

R. Roiſter.

M. Mery.

R. Roiſter.

M. Mery.

Come death when thou wilt, I am weary of my life.

I tolde you I, we ſhould wolue an other wiſe.

Why did God make me ſuche a goodly perſon?

He is in by the weke, we ſhall haue ſport anon.

And where is my truſtie friende Mathew Merygreeke?

I wyll make as I ſawe him not, he doth me ſake.

I haue hym eſpyed me thinketh, yond is he,

Hough Mathew Merygreeke my friend, a worde with the.

I wyll not heare him, but make as I had haſte,
Farewell all my good friendes, the tyme alway dothe waſte,
And the tide they ſay, tarieth ſoꝝ no man.

Thou muſt with thy good counſell helpe me if thou can.

God keepe the worſhyppfull Maiſter Roiſter Doiſter,
And fare well the luſtie Maiſter Roiſter Doiſter.

I muſte nedes ſpeake with the a worde oꝝ twaine.

Within a month oꝝ two I will be here againe,
Negligence in greate affaires ye knowe may marre all.

Attende vpon me now, and well reſwarde the I ſhall.

I haue take my leaue, and the tide is well ſpent.

I die except thou helpe, I pray the be content,
Doe thy parte wel now, and aſke what thou wilt,
Foꝝ without thy aide my matter is all ſpilt.

Then to ſerue your turne I will ſome paines take,
And let all myne owne affaires alone ſoꝝ your ſake.

My whole hope and truſt reſteth onely in the,

Then can ye not doe amiſſe what euer it be,

Gramercy

Roister Doister.

Gramercies Merygreeke, most bounde to thee I am.

R. Royster.

But vp with that heart, and speake out like a ramme,

M. Mery.

Ye speake like a Capon that had the cough now :

Be of good chere, anon ye shall doe well ynow.

Vpon thy comforte, I will all things well handle.

R. Royster.

So loe, that is a brest to blowe out a candle.

M. Mery.

But what is this great matter I woulde faine knowe,

We shall fynde remedie therfore I trowe.

Doe ye lacke money : ye knowe myne olde offers,

Ye haue always a key to my purse and coffers.

I thanke thee : had euer man suche a frende :

R. Royster.

Ye gyue vnto me : I must needes to you lende.

M. Mery.

Pay I haue money plentie all things to discharge.

R. Royster.

That knelwe I ryght well when I made offer so large.

M. Mery.

But it is no suche matter. M. M. What is it than :

Are ye in daunger of debte to any man :

If ye be, take no thought nor be not afraide,

Let them hardly take thought how they shall be paid.

But I owe nought. M. M. What the : fear ye imprisonment ? R. Royster.

R. R. No. M. M. No I wist ye offende, not so to be shent.

But if he had, the Toure coulde not you so holde,

But to breake out at all times ye woulde be bolde.

What is it : hath any man threatned you to beate :

What is he that durst haue put me in that beate :

R. Royster.

He that beateth me by his armes shall well fynde,

That I will not be farre from him nor runne behinde.

That thing knowe all men euer since ye ouerthrewe,

M. Mery.

The fellow of the Lion which Hercules slewe.

But what is it than : R. R. Of lone I make my mone.

Ah this folishe a loue, wilt neare let vs alone :

M. Mery.

But bicause ye were refused the last day,

Ye sayd ye woulde nere more be intangled that way.

I woulde medle no more, since I fynde all so vnkinde.

Pea, but I can not so put loue out of my minde.

R. Royster.

But

Roiſter Doiſter.

- Path. Per.** But is your loue tell me firſt, in any wiſe,
In the way of Mariage, or of Merchandiſe?
If it may otherwiſe than lawfull be founde,
Ye get none of my helpe for an hundred pounde.
- K. Roiſter.** No by my trouth I woulde haue hir to my Wiſe.
- M. Per.** Then are ye a good man, and God ſaue your life,
And what or who is ſhe, with whom ye are in loue?
- K. Roiſter.** A woman whome I knowe not by what meanes to moue.
- M. Per.** Who is it? **K. K.** A woman pond. **M. M.** What is hir name?
- K. Roiſter.** Hir yoder. **M. M.** Who? **K. K.** Miſtreſſe ah. **M. M.** Fy fy for ſhame
Loue ye, and know not whome? but hir yonde, a Woman,
We ſhall then get you a Wiſe, I can not tell whan.
- K. Roiſter.** The faire Woman, that ſupped wth vs yeſternyght,
And I hearde hir name twice or thrice, and had it ryght.
- M. Per.** Yea, ye may ſee ye nere take me to good chere with you,
If ye had, I coulde haue tolde you hir name now.
- K. Roiſter.** I was to blame in deede, but the nerte tyme perchaunce:
And ſhe dwelleth in this houſe. **M. M.** What Chriſtia Cuiſance.
- K. Roiſter.** Except I haue hir to my Wiſe, I ſhall runne madde.
- M. Per.** Nay vnwiſe perhaps, but I warrant you ſo madde.
- K. Roiſter.** I am vtterly dead unleſſe I haue my deſire.
- M. Per.** Where be the bellowes that blew this ſodeine fire?
- K. Roiſter.** I heare ſhe is worthe a thouſande pounde and moze.
- M. Per.** Yea, but learne this one leſſon of me afoze,
An hundred pounde of Mariage money doubtleſſe,
Is euer thirtie pounde ſterlyng, or ſomewhat leſſe,
So that hir Thouſande pounde yf ſhe be thirtiſt,
Is muche nere aboute two hundred and fiftie,
Howbeit wolwers and Widowes are neuer poze.
- K. Roiſter.** Is ſhe a Widowe? I loue hir better therefore.
- M. Per.** But I heare ſhe hath made promiſe to another.
- K. Roiſter.** He ſhall goe without hir, and he were my brother.
- M. Per.** I haue hearde ſay, I am right well aduiſed,
That ſhe hath to Calwyn Goodlucke promiſed.

What

Roiſter Doiſter.

What is that Catwyn Godlucke? *M. M.* a Merchant man. *R. Roiſter.*

Shall he ſpeede aſore me? nay ſir by ſweete Sainct Anne. *R. Roiſter.*

Ab ſir, Backare quod Portiner to his ſolwe,

I wyll haue hir myne owne ſelfe I make God a bow.

For I tell thee, ſhe is worthe a thouſande pounde.

M. Mery.

Yet a fitter wiſe ſo; your maſhip might be ſounde:

Suche a goodly man as you, might get one wyth lande,

Besides poundes of golde a thouſande and a thouſande,

And a thouſande, and a thouſande, and a thouſande,

And ſo to the ſumme of twentie hundred thouſande,

Your moſt goodly perſonage is worthe of no leſſe.

I am ſozie God made me ſo comely doubtleſſe.

R. Roiſter.

For that maketh me eche where ſo highly fauoured,

And all women on me ſo enamoured.

Enamoured quod you? haue ye ſpied out that?

M. Mery.

Ab ſir, mary nowe I ſee you know wt t is what.

Enamoured ka? mary ſir ſay that againe,

But I thought not ye had marked it ſo plaine.

Yes, eche where they gaze all vpon me and ſtare.

R. Roiſter.

Pea malkyn, I warrant you as muche as they dare.

M. Mery.

And ye will not belene what they ſay in the ſtreete,

When your maſhypp paſſeth by all ſuch as I meete,

That ſometimes I can ſcarce finde what aunſwere to make.

Who is this (ſayth one) ſir Launcelot du lake?

Who is this, greate Cuy of Warwike, ſayth an other?

No (ſay I) it is the thirteenth Hercules brother.

Who is this? noble Hector of Troy, ſayth the thirde?

No, but of the ſame neſt (ſay I) it is a birde.

Who is this? greate Goliath, Sampſon, or Colbrande?

No (ſay I) but it is a brute of the Alie lande.

Who is this? greate Alexander? or Charle le Maigne?

No; it is the tenth Worthie, ſay I to them agayne:

I knowe not if I ſayd well. *R. R.* Yes ſo; ſo I am.

Pea, ſo; there were but nine worthies before ye came.

M. Mery.

Roister Doister.

To some others, the thirde Cato I doe you call.

And so as well as I can I aunswere them all.

Sir I pray you, what lord or great gentleman is this?

Maister Ralph Roister Doister dame say I, ywis.

O Lord (sayth she than) what a goodly man it is,

Woulde Christ I had such a husbände as he is.

O Lord (say some) that the sight of his face we lacke:

It is inough for you (say I) to see his backe.

His face is for ladies of high and noble parages,

With whome he hardly scapeth great mariages.

With muche more than this, and much other wise.

R. Roister. I can thee thanke that thou canst suche answers deuise:

But I perceyue thou doste me thoroughly knowe.

M. Mery. I marke your maners for myne owne learning I trowe,

But suche is your beantie, and suche are your artes,

Suche is your personage, and suche are your factes,

That all women faire and fowle, more and lesse,

They eye you, they lubbe you, they talke of you doubtlesse.

Your peasant loke maketh them all merie,

We passe not by, but they laugh till they be werie,

Pea and money coulde I haue the truthe to tell,

Of many, to bying you that way where they dwell.

R. Roister. Merygréeke for this thy reporting well of me:

M. Mery. What shoulde I els sir, it is my duetie pardie.

R. Roister. I promise thou shalt not lacke, while I haue a grote.

M. Mery. Faith sir, and I nere had more nede of a newe cote.

R. Roister. Thou shalt haue one to morowe, and golde for to spende.

M. Mery. Then I trust to bying the day to a good end.

For as for mine owne parte hauing money inowe,

I coulde lye onely with the remembrance of you.

But nowe to your Widow whome you loue so hotte.

R. Roister. By cocke thou sayest truthe, I had almost forgotte.

M. Mery. What if Christian Cuffance will not haue you what?

R. Roister. Haue me? yes I warrant you, neuer doubt of that,

I knowe

Roister Doister.

I knowe she loueth me, but she dare not speake.

In dede meete it were some body should it breake.

M. Mery.

She looked on me twentie tymes yesternight,

R. Roister.

And laughed so. *M. M.* That she coulde not sitte byright,

No faith coulde she not. *M. M.* No euen such a thing I cast.

R. Roister.

But so: woluyng thou knowest women are shamesfast.

R. Roister.

But and she knowe my minde, I knowe she would be glad,
And thinke it the best chaunce that euer she had.

To hir then like a man, and be bolde soth to starte,

M. Mery.

Wotuers neuer spæde well, that haue a false harte.

What may I best doe? *M. M.* Sir remaine ye a while,

R. Roister.

Ere long one or other of hir house will appere.

Ye knowe my minde. *R. R.* Ye a now hardly lette me alone.

In the meane time sir, if you please, I wyl home,

M. Mery.

And call your Musicians, so: in this your case

It would sette you soth, and all your woluyng grace,

Ye may not lacke your instrumentes to play and sing.

Thou knowest I can doe that. *M. M.* As well as any thing.

R. Roister.

Shall I go call your folkes, that ye may thewe a cast?

Ye a runne I beseeche thee in all possible haste.

R. Roister.

I goe. Exeat. *R. R.* Ye a so: I loue singyng out of measure,

M. Mery.

It comforteth my spirites and doth me great pleasure.

But who commeth soth pond from my swete hearte Custance?

My matter scameth well, thys is a luckie chaunce.

Actus. j. Scæna. iij.

Mage Mumblecrust, spinning on the distaffe. Tibet Talk
apace, sowyng. Annot Alyface knittyng. *R. Roister.*

If thys distaffe were spounne Margerie Mumblecrust.

M. Mumb.

Where god stak ale is will drinke no water I trust.

Tib Talk.

Dame Custance hath promised vs god ale and white bread.

M. Mumb.

B. ij.

At the

Roister Doister.

- Tib Talk.** If she kepe not promise, I will bestow her head?
 But it will be starke nyght before I shall haue done.
- R. Royster.** I will stande here a while, and talke with them anon,
 I heare them speake of Custance, which doth my heart good,
 To heare hir name spoken doth euen comfort my blood.
- M. Mumb.** Sit downe to your worke Tibet like a good girle.
- Tib Talk.** Pourse miedle you with your spyndle and your whirle,
 So haste but good, Madge Mumblecrust, for whip and whurre.
 The olde prouerbe doth say, neuer made good furre.
- M. Mumb.** Well, ye wyl sitte downe to your worke anon, I trust.
- Tib Talk.** Soft fire maketh swete malte, good Madge Mumblecrust.
- M. Mumb.** And swete malte maketh ioly good ale for the nones.
- Tib Talk.** Whiche will slide downe the lane without any bones.
- Cantab.** Olde browne bread crustes must haue much good mumblyng,
 But good ale downe your throte hath good easie tumbling.
- R. Royster.** The iolpest wenche that ere I hearde, little mouse,
 May I not reioyce that she shall dwell in my house?
- Tib Talk.** So firrha, nowe this geare beginneth for to frame.
- M. Mumb.** Thanks to God, though your work stand stil, your tog is not
- Tib Talk.** And though your teeth be gone, both so sharpe & so fine (lame
 Yet your tongue can renne on patins as well as mine.
- M. Mumb.** Ye were not for nought named Tyb Talke apace.
- Tib Talk.** Doth my talke grieus you? Alack, God saue your grace.
- M. Mumb.** I holde a grote ye will drinke anon for this geare.
- Tib Talk.** And I wyl not pray you the stripes for me to beare.
- M. Mumb.** I holde a penny, ye will drinke without a cup.
- Tib Talk.** Wherein so ere ye drinke, I wote ye drinke all by.
- An. Alyface.** By Cock and well solwed, my good Tibet Talke apace.
- Tib Talk.** And euen as well knitte my nowne Annot Alyface.
- R. Royster.** See what a sort she kepeth that must be my wife.
 Shall not I when I haue hir, leade a merrie life?
- Tib Talk.** Welcome my good wenche, and sitte here by me iust.
- An. Alyface.** And howe doth our olde bel Dame here, Madge Mumblecrust?
- Tib Talk.** Chyde, and finde faultes, and threaten to complaine.

Raister Doister.

To make vs poore girles bent to hir is small gaine,
I byd neyther chide, nor complaine, nor threaten.
It woulde griene my heart to see one of them beaten.
I byd not hyng but byd hir woꝝke and holde hir peace.
So would I, if you coulde your clattering ceasse :

An. Alyface.
M. Mumb.
R. Koyster.
M. Mumb.
Tib Talk.

But the deuill can not make olde trotte holde hir tong.
Let all these matters passe, and we thre sing a song,
So shall we pleasantly bothe the tyme beguile now,
And eke dispatche all our woꝝkes ere we can tell how.

An. Alyface.

I shew them that say nay, and that shall not be I.

Tib Talk.

And I am well content. Tib. Talk. Sing on then by and by.

M. Mumb.

And I will not away, but listen to their song,

R. Koyster.

Yet Perpercke and my folkes tary very long.

Tib, An, and Margerie, doe singe here.

Pipe mery Annot. ec.

Trilla, Trilla, Trillarie.

Woꝝke Tibet, woꝝke Annot, woꝝke Margerie.

Sewe Tibet, knitte Annot, spinne Margerie.

Let vs see who shall winne the victorie.

This deene is not willing to be sewed I trowe.

Tib Talk.

A small thing might make me all in the ground to thowe.

Then they sing agayne.

Pipe merrie Annot. ec.

Trilla, Trilla, Trillarie.

What Tibet, what Annot, what Margerie.

We slepe, but we doe not, that shall we trie.

Your fingers be numbde, our woꝝke will not lie.

If ye doe so againe, well I would aduise you nay.

Tib Talk.

In good sooth one stoppe more, and I make holy day.

They sing the thirde tyme.

Pipe Mery Annot. ec.

Trilla, Trilla, Trillarie.

Nowe Tibet, nowe Annot, nowe Margerie.

Now

Roister Doister.

Solwe whippet aspre for the maystrie,
But it will not be, our mouth is so dyte.

Tib Talk. Ah, eche finger is a thombe to day me thinke,
I care not to let all alone, chose it swimme or sinke.

They sing the fourth tyme.

Pipe Mery Annot. &c.

Trilla. Trilla. Trillarie.

When Tibet, when Annot, when Margerie.

I will not, I can not, no more can I.

Then giue we all ouer, and there let it lye.

Lette hir caste
downe hir
worke.

Tib Talk. There it lieth, the worste is but a curried cote,
But I am bled therto, I care not a grote.

An. Alface. Haue we done singyng since? then will I in againe,
Here I founde you, and here I leaue both twaine. Execat.

M. Mumb. And I will not be long after: Tib Talk. apace.

Tib Talk. What is y matter? **M. Mumb.** Wond stode a man al this space
And hath hearde all that euer we spake togyther.

Tib Talk. Mery the more loute he for his conuning hither,
And the lesse god he can to listen maidens talke.
I care not and I go byd him hence for to walke:

It were well done to knowe what he maketh here away.

R. Royster. Solwe myght I speake to them, if I wist what to say.

M. Mumb. Say we will go both off, and see what he is.

R. Royster. One that hath hearde all your talke and singyng ytwis.

Tib Talk. The more to blame you, a good thristie husbände.
Woulde elswhere haue had some better matters in hande.

R. Royster. I byd it for no harme, but for god loue I beare,
To your dame mistresse Custance, I did your talke heare.
And mistresse nource I will kisse you for acquaintance.

M. Mumb. I come anon sir. **Tib. T.** Faith I would our dame Custance
Salve this geare. **M. M.** I must first wipe al cleane, yea I must.

Tib Talk. All chieue it dotyng soles, but it must be cust.

M. Mumb. God yelde you sir, chad not so much ichotte not whan,
Here since chwas boze chwine, of such a gay gentleman.

I will

Royster Doyster.

R. Royster. And surely for thy sake she shall speede. M. Mumb. Ceu so sir.
R. Royster. I shall be contented to take hir. M. Mumb. Ceu so sir.
R. Royster. But at thy request and for thy sake. M. Mumb. Ceu so sir.
Here lette him tell hir a great long tale in hir care.

Actus. j. Scæna. iiii.

Mathew Merygreeke. Dobinet Doughtie. Harpax.
Ralph Royster. Margerie Mumblecruft.

M. Mery. Come on sirs apace, and quite your selues like men,
C Your pains shalbe rewarded. D. Dou. But I wot not whē.
M. Mery. Do your maister worship as ye haue done in tyme past.
D. Dough. Speake to them: of mine office he shall haue a tall.
M. Mery. Harpax, loke that thou doe well too, and thy fellows.
Harpax. I warrant, if he will myne example folowe.
M. Mery. Curthe whoresons, douke you and crouche at euery worde,
D. Dough. Yes whether our maister speake earnest or horde.
M. Mery. For this lieth vpon his preferment in deede.
D. Dough. Oft is hee a twower, but neuer doth he speede.
M. Mery. Wat with whome is he now so sadly roundyng pond?
D. Dough. With Nobs nicebecetur miserere sonde.
M. Mery. God be at your wedding, be ye speede alreddie?
I did not suppose that your loue was so gradie,
I perceine now ye haue chose of deuotion,
And ioy haue ye ladie of your promotion.
R. Royster. Tulse sole, thou art deceiued, this is not she.
M. Mery. Well makee muche of hir, and kepe hir well I bise ye.
I will take no charge of such a faire piece keeping.
M. Mumb. What apleth thys fellowe? he drineth me to weeping.
M. Mery. What weepe on the wedding day? be merrie woman,
Though I say it, ye haue chose a god gentleman.
R. Royster. Rocks nownes what meanest thou man, tut a whyllie.

Thir

Reister-Daister.

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Reister Doister.

- M. Pery.** Pea and thrice forzie to them. **M. M.** Say now thou dost iell.
I am not so olde, thou misreckest my yeares.
M. Pery. I know that; but my minde was on bullockes and steres.
M. Mumb. And what shall I shewe hir your masterships name is?
M. Koyler. Say she shall make sute ere she know that yvis.
M. Mumb. Yet let me somewhat knowe. **M. M.** This is her understand,
That killed the blew Spider in Blanchepouder lande.
M. Mumb. Pea Iesus, William; a law, yd he so law?
M. Pery. Pea and the last Elephant that euer he saue,
As the beast passed by, he start out of a buske,
And with pure strength of armes pluckt out his great tuske.
M. Mumb. Iesus, no mine patris, what a thing was that?
M. Koyler. Pea but Perygreke one thing thou hast forgot. **M. M.** What?
M. Koyler. Of the other Elephant. **M. M.** Oh hym that fledde away.
M. Koyler. Pea. **M. M.** Pea he know that his match was in place that day
That he bet the king of Richets on Christmasse day,
That he thrept in a hole, and not a worde to say.
M. Mumb. A loose yran by yomblete. **M. M.** Why he among a club
Once in a fray out of the hande of Scherub.
M. Koyler. And how when Punition? **M. M.** Oh your coustreling,
Boze the lanterns a fielde so before the gozeling.
M. M. Say that is so long a matter now to be tolde.
Peuer aske his name. **M. M.** I warrant ther, he holde
He conquered in one day from Rome, to Naples.
And wonne Colones house as fast as thou canst make Apples.
M. Mumb. O Lorde, my heart quaketh for feare: he is to sore.
M. Koyler. Thou makest hir to much ascarde, Perygreke no more.
This tale would feare my Quets heart Cuffance right chull.
M. Pery. Say let hir take him. **M. M.** And feare not the deuill,
But thus is our song dailt, sairs ye may home againe.
M. Koyler. No shall they not, I charge you all here to remaine:
The villaine slaues a whole day ere they can be founde.
M. Pery. Couche on your marybones, whomefens, down to the ground.
Was it mate he should tarie so long in one place.

Roister Doister

Without harmonie of Muske, or some solace :

Who so hath such bees as your maister in his head,

Had neede to haue his spirites with Muske to be fed,

By your maisterships licence. R. R. What is that : a meate :

So it was a soles feather had light on your coate.

I was nigh no feathers since I came from my bed.

So sir, it was a haire that was fall from your bed.

By me com whē it please the. P. P. By your leue. R. R. What

Your gown was foule spotted wth the foot of a gnat. (is that :

Their maister to offende they are nothing asarde.

What now : P. P. A lousy haire from your maisterships beard.

And sir for Purles sake pardon this one offence.

We shall not after this shew the like negligence.

I pardon you this once, and come sing nere the tourle.

How like you the goodnesse of this gentleman nurse :

God saue his maistership that so can his men forgene.

And I wyll heare them sing ere I go, by his leue.

Mary and thou shalt wenche, come we two will daunce.

Nay I will by myne owne selfe soote the song perchaunce.

Go to it sirs lustily. P. P. Dumb. Pipe by a mery note,

Let me heare it playde, I will soote it to a grote.

Content.

Now nurse take this same letter here to thy mistress.

And as my trust is in the p^{re}sie my businesse.

It shalbe done. P. P. Who made it : R. R. I wrote it ech whit P. P. Dumb.

The nedes it no minding. R. R. So no. P. P. So I know your P. Pery.

I warrant it wel. P. P. Dumb. It shalbe deliuered.

(wit. R. Roister.

But if perspece, shall I be considered :

Althoug^h, dost thou doubt of that : P. P.adge. What shal I haue :

An hundred times more than thou canst deuise to crane.

Shall I haue some newe geare : for my olde is all spent.

The worst kitchen wench shall goe in ladies rayment.

Yea : P. P. And the worst drudge in the house shal go better

Thā your mistress doth now. Par. The I tringe wth your letter.

C. ij.

Now

Roister Doister.

R. Royster. Now may I repose me: Distance is mine owne. I would
M. Mery. Let vs sing and play home ward that it may be knowne.
R. Royster. But are you sure, that your letter is well enough?
M. Mery. I wrote it my selfe. **R. Royster.** When sing we to dinner.
 Here they sing and go out singing.

Actus. j. Scena. v.

Christian Custance. **Margerie Mumblecrust.**

C. Custace. **M. Mumb.** **W**ho toke thee this letter **Margerie Mumblecrust**?
M. Mumb. A lustie gay bachelor toke it me of trust,
C. Custace. And if ye sake to him he will love your doing.
M. Mumb. Yea, but where learned he that manner of wooing?
C. Custace. If to sue to hym, you will any paines take,
M. Mumb. He will haue you to his wife (he sayth) for my sake.
C. Custace. Some wise gentleman belike. I am bespoken:
 And I thought verily this had bene some token
 From my deere spouse **Catwain Goodluck**, whom when him please
 God luckily sende home to both our heartes ease.
M. Mumb. A ioply man it is I wrote well by report,
 And would haue you to him for marriage resort:
 Best open the writing, and see what it doth speake.
C. Custace. At this time nowise I will neither reade ne breake.
M. Mumb. He promised to giue you a whole pecke of golde.
C. Custace. Perchance lacke of a peny when it shall be all tolde.
M. Mumb. I would take a gay riche husbande, and I were poore.
C. Custace. In good sooth I adoe, as I would I, if I were thou.
 But no more of this fond talke now, let vs go in,
 And see thou no more moue me folly to begin.
 No: bring me no more letters for no mans pleasure,
 But thou know from whom. **M. M.** I warrant ye shall be sure.

Roister Doister.

Actus. ij. Scena. j.

Dobinet Doughtie.

Where is the house I goe to, before or behinde?
I know not where nor when nor how I shal it finde. *D. Dough.*
If I had ten mens bodies and legs and strength,
This trotting that I haue must needs lame me at length.
And nowe that my maister is new set on woloyng,
I trust there shall none of vs finde lacke of doying:
Two paire of shoes a day will nowe be to litle
To serue me, I must trotte to and fro so mickle.
Go beare me thys token, carrie me this letter,
Nowe this is the best way, nowe that way is better.
Up before day sirs, I charge you, an houre or twaine,
Trudge, do me thys message, and bring worde quicke againe,
If one misse but a minute, then his armes and woundes,
I woulde not haue slacke for ten thousand poundes.
Pay see I beseeche you, if my most trustie page,
Goe not nowe aboute to hinder my marriage,
So feruent hotte woloyng, and so farre from wining,
I trow neuer was any creature linyng,
With euery woman is he in some lones pang,
Then by to our lute at midnight, twangledome tloang,
Then tloang with our sonets, and tloang with our dumps,
And heybough from our heart, as beautie as lead lumps:
Then to our recorder with fiddleable pope
As the howlet out of an yule birche should hope.
Anon to our gitterne, thumpledum thumpledum thum,
Thumpledum, thumpledu, thumpledum, thumpledum thum.
Of Songs and Balades also he is a maker,
And that can he as finely doe as Jacke Maker,
Pea and extempore will he ditties compose,

Roister Doister.

Foolishe Marlias nere made the like I suppose,
Yet must we sing them, as good Maister I undertake,
As for such a pen man is well sitting to make.
Ah for these long nights, heppohs, when will it be day?
I feare ere I come she will be wowed away.
Then when answer is made that it may not be,
O death why comest thou not? by and by (sayth he)
But then, from his heart to put away sorrow,
He is as farre in with some newe lone next morrow.
But in the meane season, we trudge and we trot,
From day spring to midnyght, I sit not, nor rest not.
And now am I sent to Dame Chyistian Cuffance:
But I feare it will ende with a mocke for paffance.
I bring hir a ring, with a token in a cloute,
And by all gesse, this same is hir house out of doubt.
I knowe it nowe perfect, I am in my right way.
And loe yond the olde nurse that was wyth vs last day.

Actus. ij. Scena. ij.

Maister Mumblecrust. Dobinet Doughtie.

- M. Mumb. Was nere so shoke by afore since I was borne,
That our mistresse coulde not haue chid I wold haue swozne:
And I pray God I die if I ment any barne,
But for my life tyme this shall be to me a charme.
- D. Dough. God you saue and se nurse, and howe is it with you?
- M. Mumb. Mary a great deale the worse, it is for suche as thou.
- D. Dough. For me? Why so? M. Mumb. Why wer not thou one of the, say,
That song and playde here with the gentleman last day?
- D. Dough. Yes, and he wold know if you haue for him spoken.
And prayes you to deliuer this ring and token.
- M. Mumb. Nowe by the token that God tokened brother,
I will deliuer no token one nor other.

I haue

Roister Doister.

I haue once ben so spent for your maisters pleasure,
As I will not be agayne for all hys treasure.

He will thank you womā. D. D. I will none of his thake. Ex. D. Dough.

I wāne I am a prophete, this geare will proue blanke : D. Dough.

But what should I home againe without answere go :

It were better go to Rome on my head than so.

I will tary here this moneth, but some of the house

Shall take it of me, and then I care not a louse.

But ponder commeth south a turne as a ladde,

If he haue not one Lumbardes touche, my lucke is bad.

Actus. ij. Scena. iij.

Truopenie. D. Dough. Tibet T. Anot Al.

I am cleane lost for lacke of mery companie,

For the greāt halfe well within, our menches and I

They will commaunde like mistresses, they will forbyd.

If they be not serued, Truopenie must be chyd.

Let them be as mery nowe as ye can desire,

With turnyng of a hanke, our myght lieth in the myre.

I can not skill of such changeable mettle.

There is nothing with them but in docke out nestle.

Whether is it better that I speake to him first,

Or he first to me, it is good to call the wurd.

If I beginne first, he will smell all my purpose.

Other wise I shall not neede any thing to disclose.

What boy haue we ponder : I will see what he is.

He commeth to me, It is hereabout vnder.

Wouldest thou ought friende, that thou lookedst so about :

Yea, but whether ye can helpe me or no, I doubt.

I seeke to one mistresse Custance house here dwelling.

It is my mistresse ye seeke to by your telling.

Is there any of that name here but she :

Truopenie.

D. Dough.

Truopenie.

D. Dough.

Truopenie.

D. Dough.

Truopenie.

D. Dough.

Foot

Roister Doister.

- Trupenie.** Not one in all the whole towne that I knowe pardie.
D. Dough. A Widowe she is I trow. **Trup.** And what and she be?
D. Dough. But ensured to an husbnde. **Trup.** Yea, so thinke we.
D. Dough. And I dwell with hir husbnde that trusteth to be.
Trupenie. In faith then must thou needs be welcomet to me,
 Let vs so; acquaintance Make handes together,
 And what ere thou be, heartily welcōme hither.
Tib Talk. Well Trupenie neuer but singing. **An. Al.** and frisking.
Trupenie. Well Tibet and Annot, Will swinging and whisking.
Tib Talk. But yerolle abroade. **An. Al.** In the streets euere where.
Trupenie. Where are ye twaine, in chambers when ye mete me there?
 But come hither soles, I haue one now by the hande,
 Seruant to hym that must be our mistresse husbnde,
 Byd him welcōme. **An. Al.**face. To mettoly is he welcōme.
Tib Talk. Forsooth and as I may say, heartily welcōme.
D. Dough. I thak you mistresse maides. **An. Al.** I hope we shal better knowe
Tib Talk. And wde toll our new matter come. **D. Dough.** I trow.
Tib Talk. I would it were to morow: so; till he relate
 Our mistresse being a Widow hath small comforte,
 And I hearde our nurse speake of an husbnde to day
 Ready so; our mistresse, a riche man and a gay,
 And we shall go in our frenche hodes euery day,
 In our silke cassocks (I watrant you) kesse and gay,
 In our tricke verdegewes and billiments of golde,
 Braue in our futes of change seven double folde,
 Then shall ye se Tibet first, treade the moose so frumge,
 Nay, why sayd I treade? ye shall se hir glide and stromge,
 Not lumperbe lumperbe like our wantell kig.
Trupeny. Nay then pickmedaintie come tosse me a fig.
 Who shall then know our Tib Talk apate from ye?
An. Al.face. And why not Annot Alface as hōne as we?
Trupeny. And what had Tom Trupeny, a father or none?
An. Al.face. Then our prety uelue come man will loke to be one.
Trupeny. We foure I trust shall be a toily mery knof.

Roister Doister.

Shall we sing a fitte to welcome our friende, Annot?
Perchaunce he can not sing. D. Dough. I am at all assayes.
By cocke and the better welcome to vs allwayes.

An. Alyface.
Lib Talk.

Here they sing.

A thing very fitte
For them that haue witte,
And are selowes knitte
Seruants in one house to be,
Is fast fast so; so fitte,
And not oft to fitte,
Nor barie a whitte,
But louingly to agre.

No man so; despise,
By worde or by write
His selowe to twite,
But further in honestie,
No god turnes entwite,
Nor olde sores recite,
But let all goe quite,
And louingly to agre.

No man complainyng,
Nor other disdaynyng,
For losse or for galyng,
But selowes by friends to be.
No grudge remainyng,
No worke restrainyng,
Nor helpe restrainyng,
But louingly to agre.

After drudgerie,
When they be werie,
Then to be merie,
To laugh and sing they be fra
With chyp and cherie
Heigh derie derie,
Ere on the berie,
And louingly to agre.

Fins.

Will you now in with vs into our mistresse go?
I haue first so; my maister an errand or two.
But I haue here from him a token and a ring,
They shall haue moche thanks of hir that first doth it bring.

Lib Talk.
D. Dough.

Parry that will I. Truyn. We and Theret sitatch not now.
And why may not I sir, get thanks as well as you? Exeat.

Lib Talk.

Yet get ye not all, we will go with you both.

Lib Talk.
An. Alyface.

And haue part of your thanks be ye neuer so loth. Exeant omnes

So my handes are ridde of it: I care so; no more.

D. Dough.

I may now retorne home: so durst I not afore.

Exeat.

D. J.

Ray

Roister Doister.

Actus. ij. Scæna. iij.

C. Custance. Tibet. Annot Alyface. Trupeny.

C. Custace. **N**ay come forth all thre: and come hither pretie mayde:
 Tib Talk. Will not so many soyl warnings make you asfayde:
 Tib Talk. Yes forsoth. C. Custance. But shil be a runner by & dolewe
 Still be a bringer of tidings and tokens to towne.
 Tib Talk. No forsoth mistresse. C. Custace. Is all your delite and ioy
 In whilkyng and ramping abroade like a Toun boy.
 Tib. Talk. Forsoth these were there to, Annot and Trupenie.
 Trupenie. Yea but ye alone toke it, ye can not denie.
 Annot Aly. Yea that ye did. Tibet. But if I had not, ye thwaine would.
 C. Custace. You great calse ye should haue moze witte, so ye should:
 But why shoulde any of you take such things in hande?
 Tibet. Bicause it came from him that must be your husbände.
 C. Custace. How do ye know that: Tibet. Forsoth the boy did say so.
 C. Custace. What was his name: An. Al. We asked not. C. Cust. So did:
 An. Alyface. He is not farre gone of likelihood. Trupeny. I will see.
 C. Custace. If thou canst finde him in the streete bring him to me.
 Trupenie. Yes. Exeat. C. Cust. Well ye naughty girles, if euer I perceine
 That henceforth you do letters or tokens receiue,
 To bring vnto me from any person or place,
 Except ye first shewe me the partie face to face,
 Epther thou or thou, full truly abyee thou shalt.
 Tibet. Pardon this, and the next tyme ponder me in salt.
 C. Custace. I shall make all girles by you thwaine to beware.
 Tibet. If I euer offende againe do not me spare.
 But if euer I see that false boy any moze
 By your mistresseys licence I tell you afore
 I will rather haue my cote twentie times swinged,
 Than on the naughtie wag not to be auenged.
 C. Custace. Good wenches would not so rampe abroade ydelly.

But

Roister Doister.

But keepe within doores, and plie their worke earnestly,
If one would speake with me that is a man likely,
He shall haue right good thanke to bring me worde quickly.
Ba: otherwysse with messages to come in post
From henceforth I promise you, shall be to your cost.
Get you in to your work. Tib. An. Yes forsooth. C. C. Hence both
And let me see you play me such a part againe. (Twaine.
Paistresse, I haue runne past the farre ende of the strate,
Pet can I not yonder craftie boy see nor mate.
No: Trupeny. Pet I looked as farre beyonde the people.
As one may see out of the toppe of Daules Steele.
Hence in at doores, and let me no more be vext.
Forgeue me this one fault, and lay on for the next.
Now will I in to, for I thinke so God me mende,
This will proue some folishe matter in the ende. Exeat.

Trupeny.

C. Custace.

C. Custace.

Trupeny.

C. Custace.

Actus.ij. Scena.j.

Mathewe Merygreeke.

N Owe say thys againe: he hath somewhat to doying
Which followeth the trace of one that is wooing,
Specially that hath no more wit in his hedde,
Than my cousin Roister Doister withall is ledde.
I am sent in all haste to espie and to marke
How our letters and tokens are likely to worke.
Paister Roister Doister must haue answere in haste
For he loneth not to spende much labour in waste.
Nowe as for Christian Custance by this light,
Though she had not hir trouthe to Gatwin Goodluck plight,
Pet rather than with such a loutishe dolte to marie,
I dare say woulde she a poore lyfe solitarie,
But sayne would I speake with Custance if I wist how
To laugh at the matter, yond cometh one forth now.

Sp. Mery.

Dij.

Actus

Roister Doister.

Actus. iij. Scæna. ij.

Tibet. M. Merygreeke. Christian Custance.

- Tib Talk. **A**h that I might but once in my life haue a sight
Of him that made vs all so yll spent by this light.
He should neuer escape if I had him by the care,
But euen from his head, I would it bite or teare.
Yea and if one of them were not in olve,
I would bite them both off, I make God auow.
M. Mery. What is he, whome this little mouse doth so threafen?
Tib Talk. I would teache him I trow, to make girls spent or beaten.
M. Mery. I will call hir: Haide, with whome are ye so bassie?
Tib Talk. Not with you sir, but with a little magpasse,
A deceiner of folkes, by subtile craft and guile.
M. Mery. I knowe where she is: Dobinet hath wrought some wile.
Tib Talk. He brought a ring and token which he sayd was sent
From our dames husbände, but I wot well I was spent:
For it liked hir as well to tell you no lies,
As water in hir shyppe, or salt cast in hir ries:
And yet whence it came neyther we nor she can tell.
M. Mery. We shall haue spoote anone: I like this very well.
And dwell ye here with mistresse Custance faire maide?
Tib Talk. Yea mary doe I sir: what would ye haue sayd?
M. Mery. A little message vnto hir by worde of mouth.
Tib Talk. No messages by your leaue, nor tokens forsooth.
M. Mery. Then help me to speke with hir. Tibet. With a good wil that.
Here she commeth forth. Now speake ye know best what.
C. Custace. None other life with you maide, but abroad to ship:
Tib Talk. Forsooth here is one would speake with your mistressship.
C. Custace. Ah, haue ye ben learning of mo messages now?
Tib Talk. I would not heare his minde, but bad him shewe it to you.
C. Custace. In at doores. Li. I am gon. Ex. M. M. Dame Custace god ye saue
Wel.

Roister Doister.

Welcome friend Merrygreeke: and what thing wold ye haue? C. Custace.

I am come to you a little matter to breake. M. Merry.

But see it be honest, else better not to speake. C. Custace.

Holwe seele ye your selfe affected here of late? M. Merry.

I seele no maner change but after the olde rate. C. Custace.

But wherby do ye meane? M. M. Concerning mariage.

Doth not lone lade you? C. Custace. I seele no such cariage.

Doe ye seele no pangues of dosage? answer me right. M. Merry.

I dole so, that I make but one sleepe all the night. C. Custace.

But what neede all these wordes? M. M. Oh Iesus, will ye see

What dissembling creatures these same women be?

The gentleman ye wote of, whome ye doe so lone,

That ye woulde sayne marrie him, yf ye durst it moue,

Among other riche widowes, which are of him glad,

Least ye for lesing of him perchaunce might runne mad,

Is now contented that vpon your sute making,

Ye be as one in election of taking.

What a tale is this: that I wote of: whome I lone? C. Custace.

Yea and he is as loving a woome againe as a dove. M. Merry.

Gen of verie pittie he is willing you to take,

Bicause ye shall not destroy your selfe for his sake.

Mary God yelde his maistie what ever be he, C. Custace.

It is gentmanly spoken. M. M. Is it not trolve ye?

If ye haue the grace now to offer your self, ye speede.

As muche as though I did, this time it shall not naide, C. Custace.

But what gentman is it, I pray you tell me plaine,

That loveth so finely? M. M. Lo where ye be againe,

As though ye knewe him not. C. Cust. Tush ye speake in iest.

Say sure, the partie is in god knocking earnest, M. Merry.

And haue you he will (he sayth) and haue you he must.

I am promised during my life, that is iust. C. Custace.

Mary so thinketh he, vnto him alone. M. Merry.

No creature hath my faith and trouth but eno, C. Custace.

That is Calvin Godwincke: and if it be not hee,

D. b.

He hath

Roister Doister.

- He hath no title this way what euer he be,
For I know none to whom I haue such worde spoken.
M. Perry. We knowe him not yea by his letter and token,
C. Custace. In dede true it is, that a letter I haue,
But I neuer reade it yet as God me saue.
M. Perry. He a woman? and your letter so long burred?
C. Custace. We may therby know what hast I haue to wedde,
But now who it is, so may hande I knowe by gesse.
M. Perry. Ah well I say. C. Custace. It is Roister Doister doubtlesse.
M. Perry. Will ye neuer leaue this dissimulation?
We know hym not. C. Custace. But by imagination,
For no man there is but a very dolt and lonte,
That to twine a widdowe woulde so go about.
He shall neuer haue me hys wife while he doe liue.
M. Perry. Then will he haue you if he may, so mote I thine;
And he biideth you sende him worde by me,
That ye humbly besech him, ye may his wife be,
And that there shall be no let in your noz mistrust;
But to be wedded on Sunday next if he lust,
And biideth you to loke for him. C. Custace. Doth he byd so?
M. Perry. When he commeth, aske hym whether he dld or no?
C. Custace. Goe say, that I bid him keepe him warme at home
For if he come abroade, he shall cough me a mome.
M. Perry. My mynde was beryd, I shew his head sottish dolt.
M. Perry. He hath in his head. C. Cust. As much bryne as a burbolt.
C. Custace. Tell dame Custance, if he heare you thus play choploge.
C. Custace. What will he? M. P. Play the deuill in the horologe.
C. Custace. I desye him loute. M. P. Shall I tell hym what ye say?
C. Custace. Yea and adde what so euer thou canst, I the pray,
And I will auouch it what so euer it be.
M. Perry. Then let me alone we will laugh well ye shall see,
It will not be long ere he will hitber resorte.
C. Custace. Let hym come when hym lust, I wishe no better sport.
Fare ye well, I will in, and read my great letter.
I shall

Roiſter Doiſter.

I ſhall to my wooer make anſwere the better. Exeat.

Actus.iiij.Scena.iiij.

Mathew Merygreeke.

Roiſter Doiſter.

Nowe that the whole anſwere in my deuſe doth reſt, M. Mery.
I ſhall paint out our wooer in colours of the beſt.

And all that I ſay ſhall be on Cuſtances mouth,

She is authoꝝ of all that I ſhall ſpeake forſoth,

But yond commeth Roiſter Doiſter nowe in a traunte.

Iuno ſende me this day god lucke and god chaunce.

R. Roiſter.

I can not but come ſee how Merygreeke doth ſpede.

I will not ſee him, but give him a iutte in dede.

M. Mery.

I crie your maſterſhpy mercie. R. R. And whither now?

As faſt as I could runne ſir in poſte againſt you.

M. Mery.

But why ſpeake ye ſo faintly; or why are ye ſo ſad?

Thou knoweſt the pꝛouerbe, bycauſe I can not be had.

R. Roiſter.

Haſt thou ſpoken with this woman? M. M. Yea that I haue.

And what will this geare be? M. M. So ſo God me ſaue.

R. Roiſter.

Haſt thou a flat anſwer? M. M. Nay a ſharp anſwer. R. R. What

M. Mery.

We ſhall not (ſhe ſapth) by hir will marrye hir cat.

M. Mery.

We are ſuch a calfe, ſuch an aſſe, ſuch a blocke,

Such a liſburne, ſuch a hoball, ſuch a lobcrocke,

And bicauſe ye ſhoulde come to hir at no ſeaſon,

She deſpised your maſhip out of all reaſon.

Salwaſte what ye ſay (ho I) of ſuch a ſentman,

Nay I feare him not, (ho ſhe) doe the beſt he can.

He baunteth him ſelfe for a man of pꝛoweſſe greate,

Where as a good gander I dare ſay may him beate.

And where he is louted and laughed to ſkozne,

For the verieſt dolfe that ever was borne,

And verieſt lubber, ſouen and beaſt,

Living

Raister Doister.

Lining in this world from the west to the east:
 Yet of himselfe hath he suche opinion,
 That in all the world is not the like minion.
 He thinketh eche woman to be brought in bondage
 With the onely sight of his godly personage:
 Yet none that will have hym: we do hym loute and flocke,
 And make him among vs, our common sporting stocke,
 And so would I now (ko she) save onely because,
 Better may (ko I) I lust not medle with dales.
 We are happy (ko I) that ye are a woman,
 This would cost you your life in case ye were a man.

- R. Royster.** Pea an hundred thousand pound should not save his life.
M. Mery. So but that ye love him to have him to your wife,
 But I coulde not stoppe his mouth. **R. R.** Heigh how alas,
M. Mery. Be of good chere man, and let the world passe.
R. Royster. What shall I doe or say nowe that it will not be.
M. Mery. We shall have choise of a thousande as good as the,
 And ye must pardon him, it is for lacke of witte.
R. Royster. Pea, for were not I an husbande for his wife:
 Well what should I now doe? **M. M.** In faith I can not tell.
R. Royster. I will go home and die. **M. M.** Then shall I bidde toll the bell:
R. Royster. No. **M. M.** God have mercie on your soule, a good gentleman,
 That er ye shuld the daye for an unkinde woman,
 Will ye drinke out ere ye goe. **R. R.** No, no, I will none.
M. Mery. How feele your soule to God. **R. R.** I am high gone.
M. Mery. And shall we hence straight? **R. R.** Pea. **M. M.** Placebo dixi.
 Paister Roister Doister will straight go home and die. *vt infra.*
R. Royster. Heigh how, alas, the pangs of death my hearte do breake.
M. Mery. Holde your peace for thanke sir, a dead man may not speake.
 Nequando: What mourners and what torches shall we have?
R. Royster. None. **M. M.** Dirige. He will go darklyng to his grave,
 Neque lux, neque crux, neque mourners, neque clinke,
 He will steale to heauen, unknowing to God I thinke.
 A porta inferi, who shall your goddes possesse?

Roister Doister.

Thou shalt be my sctour, and haue all more and lesse.

Requiem æternam. Now God reward your masterhapp.

And I will crie halfe penie doale for your worshipp.

Come forth sirs, heare the dolefull newes I shall you tell.

Our good maister here will no longer with vs dwell,

But in spite of Custance, which hath hym iuried,

Let vs see his mastypp solemnely buried.

And while some piece of his soule is yet hym within,

Some part of his funeralls let vs here begin.

Audiui vocem, All men take heede by this one gentleman,

Holwe you sette your loue vpon an unkinde woman.

For these women be all such madde pteuishe elnes,

They will not be wonne except it please them selues.

But in fayth Custance if euer ye come in hell,

Maister Roister Doister shall serue you as well.

And will ye nedes go from vs thus in very dede?

Yea in good sadnesse: *R. R. Now Iesus Christ be your speede.* *R. Royster.*

God night Roger olde knaue, farewell Roger olde knaue,

God night Roger olde knaue, knaue knap. *vt infra.*

Pray for the late maister Roister Doisters soule,

And come forth parish Clarke, let the passing bell toll.

Pray for your mayster sirs, and for hym ring a peale.

He was your right good maister while he was in heale.

Qui Lazarum. *R. R. Heigh ho. R. R. Dead men go not so fast*

In Paradisum. *R. R. Heigh ho. R. R. Soft, heare what I haue cast*

I will heare nothing, I am past. *R. R. Although, well away.* *R. Royster.*

We may tarie one houre, and heare what I shall say,

We were best sit for a while to reuiue againe,

And quite the er ye go. *R. R. Trowest thou so? R. R. We plain.*

How may I reuiue being now so farre past?

I will rubbe your temples, and sette you againe at last.

It will not be possible. *R. R. Yes for twentie pounce.*

Armes what dost thou? *R. R. Fet you again out of your soule* *R. Royster.*

By this crosse ye were nigh gone in dede, I might seile

C. J.

pour

R. Royster.

R. R. R. R.

Euocat seruos militis.

Ad seruos militis.

Roister Doister.

Your soule departing within an inche of your hée.
Now follow my counsell. R. R. What is it? M. M. If I wer you,
Custance should est seeke to me, ere I woulde bowe.

R. Royster. Well, as thou wilt haue me, euen so will I doe.

M. Mery. Then shall ye reuiue againe for an houre or two.

R. Royster. As thou wilt I am content for a little space.

M. Mery. Good happe is not hastie: yet in space comth grace,

To speake with Custance your selfe shoulde be very well,

What good therof may come, nor I, nor you can tell.

But now the matter standeth vpon your mariage,

Ye must now take vnto you a lustie courage.

Ye may not speake with a faint heart to Custance,

But with a lusty breast and countenance,

That she may knowe she hath to answere to a man.

R. Royster. Yes I can do that as well as any can.

M. Mery. Then bicause ye must Custance face to face wolue,

Let vs see how to behaue your selfe ye can doe.

Ye must haue a portely bragge after your estate.

R. Royster. Tush, I can handle that after the best rate.

M. Mery. Well done, so loe, by man with your head and chin,

Up with that snout man: so loe, now ye begin,

So, that is somewhat like, but prankie cote, nay when,

That is a lustie brute, handes vnder your side man:

So loe, now is it euen as it shoulde be,

That is somewhat like, for a man of your degree.

Then must ye stately goe, setting by and downe,

But, can ye no better shake the taile of your gowne:

There loe, such a lustie bragge it is ye must make.

R. Royster. To come behind, and make curtsie, thou must some pains take.

M. Mery. Else were I much to blame, I thanke your mastership

The lorde one day all to begrime you with wo: thy,

Backe sir sauce, let gentlefolkes haue elbowe come,

Woyde sirs, see ye not maister Roister Doister come?

Spake place my maisters. R. R. Thou iustlest nowe to nigh.

Backe

Roiſter Doiſter.

Back al rude loutes. *R. R. Tush. P. P.* I crie your maſhip mercy *P. Pery.*
Hoighdagh, if ſafre ſine miſtreſſe Cuſtance ſalve you now,
Halp Royſter Doiſter were hir owne I warrant you.

Heare an *P* by your girdle? *P. P.* Your good maſterſhyps *R. Royſter.*
Maſterſhyps, were hir owne Miſtreſhyps miſtreſhyps,
Ye were take by ſoz haukes, ye were gone, ye were gone,
But now one other thing moze yet I thinke vpon.

Shewe what it is. *P. P.* A wolber be he neuer ſo poze *R. Royſter.*
Muſt play and ſing befoze his beſtbeloues doze,
How much moze than you? *R. R.* Thou ſpeakeſt wel out of doubt.

And perchalunce that wolber make hir the ſoner come out. *P. Pery.*

Goe call my Muſicians, bydde them high apace. *R. Royſter.*

I wyl be here with them ere ye can ſay trey ace. Exeat. *P. Pery.*

This was well ſayde of *Perygreeke*, I loue hys wit, *R. Royſter.*

Befoze my ſweete hearts doze we will haue a fit.

What if my loue come ſorth, that I may with hir talke,

I doubt not but this geare ſhall on my ſide walke.

But lo, how well *Perygreeke* is returned ſence.

There hath grown no graſſe on my hiele ſince I went hence, *P. Pery.*

Lo here haue I brought that ſhall make you paſſance.

Come ſirs let vs ſing to winnie my deare loue Cuſtance. *R. Royſter.*

Cantent.

Lo where the comoth, ſome countenance to hir make *P. Pery.*

And ye ſhall heare me be plaine with hir ſoz your ſake.

Actus. iij. Scæna. iij.

Cuſtance. *Merygreeke.* Roiſter Doiſter.

What gaudyng and ſolpyng is this aſoze my doze? *C. Cuſtace.*

May not ſolks be honeſt, pray you, though they be poze? *P. Pery.*

As that thing may be true, ſo rich ſolks may be ſoles, *C. Cuſtace.*

Hir talke is as fine as ſhe had learned in ſcholes. *R. Royſter.*

C. g.

Loke

Roister Doister.

- M. Percy.** Look partly towarde hir, and draue a little nere.
C. Custace. Get ye home idle folkes. **M. P.** Why may not we be here,
Pay and ye will haue, haue: otherwise I tell you plaine,
And ye will not haue, then giue vs our geare againe.
- C. Custace.** In deede I haue of yours much gay things God saue all.
R. Koyster. Speake gently vnto hir, and let hir take all.
M. Percy. We are so tender hearted: Shall she make vs dawes?
Pay dame, I will be plaine with you in my friends cause.
- R. Koyster.** Let all this passe swete heart and accept my seruice.
C. Custace. I will not be serued with a fole in no wise,
When I choose an husbände I hope to take a man.
- M. Percy.** And where will ye finde one which can doe that he can?
Now thys man towarde you being so kinde,
You not to make him an answer somewhat to his minde.
- C. Custace.** I sent him a full answer by you dyd I not?
M. Percy. And I reported it. **C. Custace.** Pay I must speake it againe.
R. Koyster. No no, he tolde it all. **M. P.** Was I not metely plaine?
R. Koyster. Yes. **M. P.** But I would not tell all, for faith if I had
With you dame Custace ere this houre it had ben bad,
And not without cause: for this goodly personage,
Spent no lesse than to ioyne with you in marriage.
- C. Custace.** Let him wast no more labour nor sute about me.
M. Percy. We know not where your preferment lieth I see,
Ye sending you such a token, ring and letter.
- C. Custace.** Mary here it is, ye neuer saue a better.
M. Percy. Let vs see your letter. **C. Custace.** Holde, reade it if ye can.
And see what letter it is to winne a woman.
- M. Percy.** To mine owne deare coney birde, swete heart, and pigmy
God Distresse Custace present these by and by,
Of this superscription do ye blame the stile?
- C. Custace.** With the rest as good stuf as ye redde a great while.
M. Percy. Swete mistresse where as I loue you nothing at all,
Regarding your substance and riches chiefe of all,
For your personage, beautie, demeanour and wit,

Royster Doyster.

I commend me vnto you neuer a whit.
Horie to heare report of your good welfare.
For (as I heare say) suche your conditions are,
That ye be worthe fauour of no liuing man,
To be abhozred of euery honest man.
To be taken for a woman enclined to vice.
Nothing at all to Vertue giuing hir due price.
Wherefore concerning mariage, ye are thought
Suche a fine Paragon, as nere honest man bought.
And now by these presentes I do you aduertise
That I am minded to marrie you in no wise.
For your goodes and substance, I coulde be content
To take you as ye are. If ye mynde to be my wyfe,
Ye shall be assured for the tyme of my lyfe,
I will keepe ye ryght well, from god rayment and sare,
Ye shall not be kepte but in soioiwe and care.
Ye shall in no wyse lyue at your owne libertie,
Doe and say what ye lust, ye shall neuer please me,
But when ye are mery, I will be all sadde,
When ye are sovy, I will be very gladde.
When ye seeke your heartes ease, I will be vnkinde,
At no tyme, in me shall ye muche gentlenesse finde.
But all things contrary to your will and minde,
Shall be done: other wise I wyll not be behinde
To speake. And as for all them that woulde do you wrong
I will so helpe and mainteyne, ye shall not lyue long.
For any folishe dolfe, shall cumbze you but I.
I, who ere say nay, wyll sticke by you tyll I die.
Thus god mistresse Custance, the lorde you save and kepe,
From me Royster Doyster, whether I wake or slepe.
Who fauoureth you no lesse, (ye may be holde)
Than this letter purpoiseth, which ye haue vnfolde.

Howe by this letter of loue: is it not fine:

By the armes of Caleys it is none of myne.

C.iii.

Pie

C. Custance.

R. Royster.

Roister Doister.

- R. Royster.** Fie you are fowle to blame this is your owne hand.
C. Custace. Might not a woman be proude of such an husbando?
P. Pery. Ah that ye would in a letter shew such despise.
R. Royster. Oh I would I had hym here, the which did it endite.
P. Pery. Why ye made it your selfe ye tolde me by this light.
R. Royster. Yea I ment I wrote it myne owne selfe yesternight.
C. Custace. Pwis sir, I would not haue sent you such a mocke.
R. Royster. Ye may so take it, but I ment it not so by rocke.
P. Pery. Who can blame this woman to faine and frette and rage?
 Tut, tut, your selfe nowe haue made your owne marriage.
 Well, yet mistresse Custace, if ye can this remitte,
 This gentleman otherwile may your loue requitte.
C. Custace. No God be with you both, and seeke no more to me. Excuse.
R. Royster. Though she is gone for euer, I shall hir no more see.
P. Pery. What wepe? fye for shame, and blubber: for manhoods sake,
 Neuer lette your foe so muche pleasure of you take.
 Rather play the maies parte, and doe lone refraine.
 If she despise you then despise ye hir againe.
R. Royster. By gosse and for thy sake I set ye hir in deede.
P. Pery. Yea and perchaunce that way ye shall much sooner speede.
 For one madde propertie these women haue in seye,
 When ye will, they will not: Will not ye, then will they.
 Ah foliſhe woman, ah moste vnlickie Custace,
 Ah vnfortunate woman, ah plemſhe Custace,
 Art thou to thine harmes so obstinately bent,
 That thou canst not see where lieth thine high preferment?
 Canst thou not lub dis man, which coulde lub dee so well?
 Art thou so much thine owne foe? **R. R.** Thou dost the truth tell.
P. Pery. Well I lament **R. R.** So do I **P. P.** Wherefor? **R. R.** For this thing
 Bicause she is gone. **P. P.** I mourne for an other thing.
R. Royster. What is it Perygrake, wherfore thou dost grieve take?
P. Pery. That I am not a woman my selfe for your sake,
 I would haue you my selfe, and a strawe for yond Gill,
 And mocke much of you though it were against my will.
I would

Roisler Doister.

I would not I warrant you, fall in such a rage,
As so to refuse suche a goodly personage.

In faith I heartily thanke the Merygreek.

And I were a woman. R. R. Thou wouldest to me seeke.

For though I say it, a goodly person ye be.

No, no. M. M. Yes a goodly man as ere I dyd see.

No, I am a poore homely man as God made mee.

By the faith that I owe to God sir, but ye be.

Woulde I might for your sake, spende a thousande pound land.

I dare say thou wouldest haue me to thy husbände.

Yea: And I were the fairest lady in the shiere,

And knewe you as I know you, and see you now here,

Tell I say no more. R. R. Gramercies with all my hart.

But since that can not be, will ye play a wise parte?

How should I: M. M. Refraine from Custance a while now.

And I warrant hir some right glad to seeke to you,

Ye shall see hir anon come on hir knees crawing,

And pray you to be good to hir salte teares weeping.

But what and she come not: M. M. In faith then farewell she.

Or else if ye be woorth, ye may auenged be.

By cocks precious patsticke, and hen so I shall.

I wyll utterly destroy hir, and house and all.

But I woulde be auenged in the meane space,

On that vile scribler, that did my wotwng disgrace.

Scribler (ke you) in dede he is woorthy no lesse.

I will call hym to you, and ye bidde me doubtlesse.

Yes, for although he had as many liues,

As a thousande widowes, and a thousande wiues,

As a thousande Lyons, and a thousande rattes,

A thousande wolues, and a thousande calves,

A thousande bulles, and a thousande calves,

And a thousande legions diuided in halues,

He shall neuer scape death on my swordes point,

Though I shoulde be to me therfore soynt by soynt.

R. Royster.

M. Mery.

M. Mery.

R. Royster.

R. Royster.

M. Mery.

R. Royster.

M. Mery.

M. Mery.

R. Royster.

R. Royster.

R. Royster.

M. Mery.

R. Royster.

Roiſter Doiſter.

- M. Mery.** Nay, if ye will kill him, I will not ſette him,
I will not in ſo much extremitie ſette him,
He may yet amende ſir, and be an honeſt man,
Therefore pardon him good ſoule, as muche as ye can.
- R. Roiſter.** Well, for thy ſake, this once with his lyfe he ſhall paſſe,
But I wyl helpe hym all to pieces by the paſſe.
- M. Mery.** Nay ſayth ye ſhall promiſe that he ſhall no harme haue,
Elſe I will not ſet him. **R. R.** I ſhall ſo God me ſaue.
But I may chide him a god. **M. M.** Yea that do hardely.
- R. Roiſter.** So then. **M. M.** I returne, and bring him to you by & by. **Ex.**

Actus. iij. Scæna. v.

Roiſter Doiſter. Mathewe Merygrecke. Scriuener.

- R. Roiſter.** **W**hat is a gentleman but his worde and his promiſe?
I muſt nowe ſaue this vilaines lyfe in any wiſe,
And yet at hym already my handes doe tickle,
I ſhall vneth holde them, they wyl be ſo fickle.
But lo and Merygrecke haue not brought him ſens?
- M. Mery.** Nay I woulde I had of my purſe payde fortye pens.
- Scriuener.** So woulde I too: but it needed not that ſounde,
- M. Mery.** But the ſentman had rather ſpent ſiue thouſande pounde,
For it diſgraced him at leaſt ſiue tymes ſo muche.
- Scriuener.** He diſgraced hym ſelfe, his loutiſhneſſe is ſuche.
- R. Roiſter.** Howe long they ſtande prating: Why comſt thou not away?
- M. Mery.** Come nowe to hymſelfe, and hearke what he will ſay.
- Scriuener.** I am not aſrayde in his preſence to appeere.
- R. Roiſter.** Arte thou come ſelow? **Scri.** How thinke you: am I not here?
- R. Roiſter.** What hindrance haſt thou done me, and what villanie?
- Scriuener.** It hath come of thy ſelfe, if thou haſt had any.
- R. Roiſter.** All the ſtocke thou comest of later or rather,
From thy fynd fathers grandfathers fathers father,

For all

Roister Doister.

For all that shall come of this to the world's ende,
Though to three score generations they descende,
Can be able to make me a iust recompense,
For this trespassse of thine and this one offense.

Wherin? R. R. Did not you make me a letter brother? S. Criuener.

Pay the like hire, I will make you such an other. S. Criuener.

Pay see and these whorison Phariseys and Scribes
Doe not get their liuing by polling and bribes. R. Royster.

If it were not for shame, S. Criuener. Pay holde thy hands still.

Why did ye not promise that ye would not him spill? M. Mery.

Let him not spare me. R. R. Why wilt thou strike me again? S. Criuener.

Ye shall haue as good as ye bring of me that is plaine. S. Criuener.

I can not blame him sir, though your blowes wold him greue. M. Mery.

For he knoweth present death to ensue of all ye geue.

Well, this man for once hath purchased thy pardon. R. Royster.

And what say ye to me? or else I will be gon. S. Criuener.

I say the letter thou madest me was not good. R. Royster.

Then did ye wrong copy it of likelyhood. S. Criuener.

Yes, out of thy copy worde for worde I it wrote. R. Royster.

Then was it as ye prayed to haue it I wote, S. Criuener.

But in reading and pointyng there was made some faulte.

I wote not, but it made all my matter to haulte. R. Royster.

Howe say you, is this mine originall or no? S. Criuener.

The selfe same that I wrote out of, so mote I go. R. Royster.

Loke you on your owne list, and I will loke on this, S. Criuener.

And let this man be iudge whether I reade amisse.

To myne owne dere coney birde, sweete heart, and pigmy,

God mistresse Cuffance, present these by and by.

How now? both for this superscription agree? R. Royster.

Reade that is within, and there ye shall the fault see. S. Criuener.

Sweete mistresse, where as I loue you, nothing at all

Regarding your riches and substance: chiefe of all

For your personage, beautie, demeanour and witte

I commend me vnto you: neuer a whitte

Roisler Doister.

Soze to heare repozte of your good wellfare.
For (as I heare say) surbe your conditions are,
That ye be worthie sanour : Of no living man
To be abhozred : of enery honest man
To be taken for a woman enclined to vice
Nothing at all : to vertue giuing hir due price.
Wherfore concerning mariage, ye are thought
Suche a fine Paragon, as nere honest man bought.
And nowe by these presents I doe you aduertise,
That I am minded to marrie you : In no wyse
For your goodes and substance : I can be content
To take you as you are : yf ye will be my wife,
Ye shall be assured for the time of my life,
I wyll keepe you right well : from god raiment and fare,
Ye shall not be kept : but in sorowe and care
Ye shall in no wyse lyue : at your owne libertie,
Doe and say what ye lust : ye shall neuer please me
But when ye are merrie : I will be all sadde
When ye are sozie : I wyll be very gladd
When ye seeke your heartes ease : I wyll be unkinde
At no time : in me shall ye muche gentlenesse finde.
But all things contrary to your will and minde
Shall be done otherwise : I wyll not be behynde
To speake : And as for all they that woulde do you wrong,
(I wyll so helpe and maintayne ye) shall not lyue long.
Nor any foolish dolte shall cumber you, but I,
I, who ere say nay, wyll sticke by you tyll I die.
Thus god mistresse Custance, the lordes you sane and kepe.
From me Roisler Doister, whether I wake or slepe,
Who fauoureth you no lesse, (ye may be bolde)
Than this letter purpoxteth, which ye hane vnfolde.
Now sir, what default can ye finde in this letter :

R. Roisler.

Scriuener.

Of truth in my mynde there can not be a better.

Then was the fault in readyng, and not in wrytyng,

Roiſter Doiſter.

No no; I dare ſay in the ſourme of eniditng,
But who read this letter, that it ſounded ſo nought?
I redde it in dæde. Scri. We red it not as ye ſought.
Why thou wretched villaine was all this ſame fault in thee?
I knocke your coſtards if ye offer to ſtrike me.
Strikeſt thou in dæde? and I offer but in teſt?
Yea and rappe you againe except ye can ſit in reſt.
And I will no longer tarie here me beleue.
What wilt thou be angry, and I do thee ſorgene?
Fare thou well ſcribler, I criſt thee mercie in dæde.
Fare ye well bibbler, and worthily may ye ſpæde.
If it were an other but thou, it were a knaue.
We are an other your ſelfe ſir, the lordes bs both ſane,
Albeit in this matter I muſt your pardon craue,
Alas woulde ye wyſhe in me the witte that ye haue?
But as ſo; my fault I can quickly amende,
I will ſhelue Cuſtance it was I that did offende.
By ſo doing hir anger may be reformed.
But if by no entreatie ſhe will be turned,
Then ſette lyght by hir and bee as teſtie as ſhe,
And doe your force vpon hir with extremitie.
Come on therefore lette vs go home in ſadneſſe.
That if force ſhall neede all may be in a readineſſe,
And as ſo; thys letter hardely let all go,
We will know where ſhe reſuſe you ſo; that or no. Exeant am.

M. Mery.

R. Roiſter.

M. Mery.

R. Roiſter.

M. Mery.

R. Roiſter.

Scriener.

R. Roiſter.

M. Mery.

R. Roiſter.

M. Mery.

R. Roiſter.

M. Mery.

Actus. iij. Scæna. j.

Sym Suresby.

Is there any man but I Sym Suresby alone,

Sym Sure.

That woulde haue taken ſuch an enterpriſe him vpon,

In ſuche an outrageous tempeſt as this was.

F. g.

Such

Roister Doister.

Suche a dangerous gulf of the sea to passe.
I thinke verily Neptunes mightie godshyp,
Was angry with some that was in our shyp,
And but for the honestie whiche in me he founde,
I thinke so; the others sake we had bene drownde.
But sye on that seruant which for his maisters wealth
Will sicke for to hazarde both his lyfe and his health.
My maister Calwyn Godlucke after me a day
Because of the weather, thought best hys sheppe to stay,
And now that I haue the rough surges so well past,
God graunt I may finde all things safe here at last.
Then will I thinke all my trauaile well spent.
Nowe the first point wherfore my maister hath me sent
Is to salute dame Christian Custance his wife,
Esponsed: to whom he tendreth no lesse than his life,
I must see how it is with hir well or weng,
And whether for him she doth not now thinke long.
Then to other friends I haue a message or tway,
And then so to returne and mete him on the way.
Now wyll I goe worke that I may dispatche with spede,
But loe soorth cometh hir selfe happily in dede.

Actus. iij. Scena. ij.

Christian Custance.

Sim Suresby.

- C. Custace. I Come to see if any more stirring be here,
But what straunger is this, which doth to me appere?
Sym Surl. I will speake to hir: Dame the lorde you saue and see.
C. Custace. What friende Sym Suresby? Forsoth right welcome ye be,
Howe doth mine owne Calwyn Godlucke, I pray the tell.
C. Custace. When he knoweth of your health he will be perfect well.
S. Suresby. If he haue perfect helth, I am as I would be.

Suche

Roister Doister.

Such newes will please him well, this is as it should be. *Sim Sure.*
I thinke now long for him. *Sym S.* And he as long for you. *C. Custace.*
When will he be at home? *Sym. S.* His heart is here &en now. *C. Custace.*
His body commeth after. *C. Custace.* I woulde see thataine.
As fast as wynde and sayle can cary it a maine. *Sim Sure.*
But what two men are yonde comming hitherwarde?
Now I shew their best Chyismasse chekes both together ward. *C. Custace.*

Actus. iij. Scæna. iij.

Christian Custace. Sym Suresby. Ralph Roister.
Mathew Merygreke. Trupeny.

What meane these lewde felowes thus to trouble me? *C. Custace.*
Sym Suresby here perchance shal therof deme som yll,
And shall suspect in me some point of naughtinesse,
And they come hitherward. *Sym S.* What is their businesse?
I haue nought to them, nor they to me in sadnesse. *C. Custace.*
Let vs hearken them, somewhat there is I feare it. *Sim Sure.*
I will speake out aloude best; that he may heare it. *R. Roister.*
Pay alas, ye may so feare hir out of hir wit. *M. Mery.*
By the crosse of my sword, I will hurt hir no whit. *R. Roister.*
Will ye doe no harme in dede, shall I trust your worde? *M. Mery.*
By Roister Doisters sayth I will speake but in boorde. *R. Roister.*
Let vs hearken them, somewhat there is I feare it. *Sim Sure.*
I will speake out aloude, I care not who heare it: *R. Roister.*
Sirs, see that my harnesse, my tergat, and my shield,
We made as bright now, as when I was last in field,
As white as I should be to warre againe to my rowe:
For sicke shall I be, but I worke some folke sorowe.
Therfore see that all shine as bright as saint George,
Or as doth a key newly come from the Smiths forge.
I woulde haue my sword and harnesse to shine so bright,

F. iiij.

That

Roister Doister.

That I might therewith dimunge mine enemies sight,
I would haue it cast beames as fast I tell you playne,
As doth the glittering grasse after a shewre of raine.
And see that in case I shoulde néede to come to arming,
All things may be ready at a minntes warning,
For such chaunce may chaunce in an houre, do ye heare?

M. Pery. As perchance shall not chaunce againe in seven yeare.
R. Royster. Now draw we neare to hir, and here what shall be sayde.
M. Pery. But I woulde not haue you make hir too muche afrayde.
R. Royster. Well sounde swete wife (I trust) for al this your soure loke.
C. Custace. Wife: why cal ye me wife? **Sim S.** wife: this gear goth a crook.
M. Pery. Pay mistresse Custance, I warrant you, our letter
Is not as we rrode an nowe, but much better,
And where ye halfe stomaked this gentleman afoze,
For this same letter, ye wpll loue hym nowe theresoze,
For it is not this letter though ye were a quene,
That shoulde bryake marriage betwæne you twaine I wane.

C. Custace. I did not refuse hym for the letters sake.
R. Royster. Then ye are content me for your husbände to take.
C. Custace. You for my husbände to take? nothing lesse truely.
R. Royster. Yea say so, swete sponse, afoze straungers hardly.
M. Pery. And though I haue here his letter of loue with me,
Yet his ryng and tokens he sent, keepe safe with ye.
C. Custace. A mischiese take his tokens, and him and thæ too.
But what prate I with soles: haue I nought else to do?
Come in with me **Sim Suresby** to take soine repast.
Sim Sures. I must ere I drinke by your leaue, goe in all hast,
To a place or two, with earnest letters of his.
C. Custace. Then come drinke here to me. **S. S.** I thak you. **C. C.** Donot
You shall haue a token to your maister with you. (misse)
Sim Surs. No tokens this time gramercies, God be with you. **Exeat.**
C. Custace. Surely this fellowe misdeemeth some yll in me,
Which thing but God helpe, will go nêere to spill me.
R. Royster. Yea farewell fellow, and tell thy maister Godlucke

That

Roister Doister.

That he cometh to late of thys bloosome to plucke.

Let him keepe him there still, or at least wise make no hast,

As for his labour hither he shall spende in wast.

His betters be in place now. P. P. As long as it will hold.

I will be even with thee thou beast, thou mayst be bolde.

C. Custace.

Will ye haue vs then? C. Custace. I will neuer haue thee.

R. Royster.

Then will I haue you? C. Cust. No, the deuill shall haue thee.

R. Royster.

I haue gotten this houre moze shame and harme by thee,

Than all thy life days thou canst do me honestie.

Why now we may see what it cometh to in the ende,

P. Pery.

To make a deadly foe of your most louing frende:

And thus this letter if ye woulde heare it now.

I will heare none of it. P. P. In faith would ransome you.

C. Custace.

He hath stained my name for euer this is cleare.

C. Custace.

I can make all as well in an houre. P. P. As ten yeare.

R. Royster.

How say ye, wil ye haue him? C. C. No. P. P. Will ye take him?

I desire him. P. P. At my word. C. Cust. A shame take him.

C. Custace.

Waste no moze wynde, for it will neuer be.

This one faulte with twaine shall be mended, ye shall see.

P. Pery.

Gentle mistresse Custace now, good mistresse Custace,

Honey mistresse Custace now, swete mistresse Custace,

Golden mistresse Custace now, white mistresse Custace,

Silken mistresse Custace now, faire mistresse Custace.

Faith rather than to marry with suche a doltisheloute,

C. Custace.

I woulde matche my selfe with a begger out of doute.

Then I can say no moze, to speede we are not like,

P. Pery.

Except ye rappe out a ragge of your Rhetorike.

Speake not of winnyng me: for it shall neuer be so.

C. Custace.

Yes dame, I will haue you whether ye will or no,

R. Royster.

I commaunde you to loue me, wherfoze shoulde ye not?

Is not my loue to you chafing and burning hot?

To hir, that is well sayd. R. R. Shall I so breake my braine

P. Pery.

To dote vpon you, and ye not loue vs againe?

Well sayd yet. C. Cust. Go to y gosse. R. R. I say hit Custace,

P. Pery.

In case

Roister Doister.

In case ye will not haue, well, better yes perchance.

C. Custace. Auaunt lozell, picke thee hence. **M. M.** Wel sir, ye perceiue,
For all your kinde offer, she will not you receiue.

R. Royster. When a strawe for hir, and a strawe for hir againe,
She shall not be my wife, woulde she neuer so faine,
No and though she would be at ten thousand pounde cost.

M. Mery. No daine, ye may see what an husbando ye haue lost.

C. Custace. Yea, no force, a twell muche better lost than founde.

M. Mery. Ah, ye will not belene how this doth my heart wounde.

How shoulde a mariage betwene you be towarde,
If both parties drawe backe, and become so frowarde.

R. Royster. Nay dame, I will fire thee out of thy house,
And destroy thee and all thine, and that by and by.

M. Mery. Nay for the passion of God sir, do not so.

R. Royster. Yes, except she wil say yea to that she sayde no.

C. Custace. And what, be there no officers trow we, in towne
To cheeke idle loyters bzaggong vp and downe?
Where be they, by whome vauandons shoulde be repress?
That poore siltie Widowes might liue in peace and rest.
Shall I neuer ridde thee out of my companie?
I will call for helpe, what hough, come forth Trupenie.

Trupenie. Anon. What is your will mistresse? dyd ye call me?

C. Custace. Yea, go runne apace, and as fast as may be,
Pray Tristram Trusty, my mooste assured frende,
To be here by and by, that he may me defende.

Trupenie. That message so quickly shall be done by Gods grace,
That at my returne ye shall say, I went apace. Exeat.

C. Custace. Then shall we see I trowe, whether ye shall do me harme,

R. Royster. Yes in faith litte, I shall thee and thine so charme,
That all women incarnate by thee may beware.

C. Custace. Nay, as for charming me, come hither if thou dare,
I shall cloute thee till thou stinke, both thee and thy traine,
And coyle thee mine owne handes, and sende thee home againe.

R. Royster. Wen sayst thou me that daine? dost thou me threaten?

Roiſter Doiſter.

Goe we, I will ſee whether I ſhall be beaten.

ſay for the paines of God, let me now treate peace,

M. Mery.

For bloudſhed will there be in caſe this triſe increace.

Ah good dame Cuſtance, take better way with you.

Let him do his worſt. M. M. Held in time. R. R. Come hère thou. C. Cuſtáce.

Exeāt Roiſter & Mery.

Actus. iiij. Scæna. iiij.

Chriſtian Cuſtance. Anot Alyface.

Tibet T. M Mumblecuſt.

Sirra, if I ſhould not with hym take this way,
I ſhould not be ridde of him I thinke till doomes day,
I will call forth my folkes, that without any mockes
If he come agayne we may giue him rappes and knockes.
Page Mumblecuſt, come forth, and Tibet Talke apace.
Pea and come forth too, miſtreſſe Annot Alyface.

C. Cuſtáce.

I come. Tibet. & I am here. M. Mumb. and I am here too at Annot Aly.

Like warriers if nede bee, ye muſt ſhew your ſtrength (lêgth. C. Cuſtáce.

The man that this day hath thus begiled you,

Is Ralph Roiſter Doiſter, whome ye know well inowe,

The moſte loute and baſtarde that euer on grounde trode.

I ſee all folke mocke hym when he goth abrode.

Tib Talk.

What pretie maide: will ye talke when I ſpeake?

C. Cuſtáce.

No forſoth good miſtreſſe. C. Cuſt. Will ye my tale bzeake? Tib. Talk.

He thzeatneth to come hitber with all his force to fight,

I charge you if he come, on him with all your might.

I with my diſtaffe will reache hym one rappe.

M. Mumb.

And I with my newe bzome will ſwæpe hym one ſwappe,

Tib Talk.

And then with our greate clubbe I will reache hym one rappe.

And I with our ſkimmer will ſling him one ſlappe.

An. Aliſace.

Then Trupenies fireſozke will him ſhrewdly fray,

Tib. Talk.

And you with the ſpitte may bzine him quite away.

G. J.

Goe

Roister Doister.

C. Custace. To make all ready, that it may be seen so.
Tib. Talk. For my parte I shew them that last about it go. Exeant.

Actus.iiij.Scæna.v.

Christian Custance. Trupenie. Tristram Trusty.

C. Custace. **T**rupenie byd promise me to runne a great pace,
My friend Tristram Trusty to set into this place.
In dede he dwelleth hence a good stert I confesse:
But yet a quicke messenger might twice since as I gesse,
Haue gone and come againe. Ah yond I spie him now.

Trupeny. Ye are a slow goer sir, I make God auow.
My mistresse Custance will in me put all the blame,
Your leggs be longer than myne: come apace for shame.

C. Custace. I can the thanke Trupenie, thou hast done right wele.

Trupeny. Maistresse since I went no grasse hath growne on my bele,
But maister Tristram Trustie here maketh no spede,

C. Custace. That he came at all I thanke him in very dede,
For now haue I neede of the helpe of some wise man.

T. Trusty. Then may I be gone againe, for none such I m.

Trupenie. Ye may bee by your going: for no Alderman
Can goe I dare say, a sadder pace than ye can.

C. Custace. Trupenie get the in, thou shalt among them knowe,
How to vse thy selfe, like a proper man I trawe.

Trupeny. I go. Ex.C.C. Now Tristra Trusty I thak you right much.
For at my first sending to come ye neuer grutch.

T. Trusty. Dame Custance God ye sane, and while my life shall last,
For my friende Goodlucks sake ye shall not sende in wast.

C. Custace. He shal giue you thaks. T. Trusty. I wil do much for his sake

C. Custace. But alack, I feare, great displeasure shall be take.

T. Trusty. Wherfore? C.C. For a foolish matter. T.T. What is your cause

C. Custace. I am yll accombez with a couple of dawes.

Roister Doister.

Pay wéepe not woman : but tell me what your cause is
As concerning my friende is any thing amisse ?

T. Trusty.

So not on my part : but here was Sym Suresby.

C. Custace.

He was with me and tolde me so. **C. C.** And he stode by
While Ralph Roister Doister with helpe of Perygræke,
For promise of mariage dyd vnto me sàke.

T. Trustie.

And had ye made any promise befoze them twaine.

T. Trusty.

So I had rather be tozme in pierces and flaine,
So man hath my faith and trouth, but Gatwyn Goodlucke,
And that befoze Suresby dyd I say, and there stucke,
But of certaine letters there were suche words spoken.

C. Custace.

He tolde me that too. **C. Cust.** And of a ring and token.
That Suresby I spied, dyd more than halfe suspect,
That I my faith to Gatwyn Goodlucke dyd retec.

T. Trustie.

But there was no such matter dame Custance in dede :

T. Trusty.

If euer my head thought it, God sende me yll spède.

C. Custace.

Wherfoze I beseech you, with me to be a witnesse,
That in all my lyfe I neuer intended thing lesse,
And what a brainsicke soile Ralph Roister Doister is,
Your selfe know well enough. **T. Trust.** We say full true ywis.

Bicause to bee his wife I ne graunt noz apply,
Hither will he com he sweareth by and by,
To kill both me and myne, and beate downe my house flat.
Wherfoze I pray your aide. **T. T.** I warrant you that.

C. Custace.

Haue I so many yeres liued a sobze life,
And shewed my selfe honest, mayde, widowe, and wyfe,
And now to be abused in such a vile sorte,
We see howe poze Widowes lyue all boyde of comfort.

C. Custace.

I warrant hym do you no harme noz wong at all.

T. Trusty.

So, but Mathew Perygræke doth me most appall,
That he woulde ioine hym selfe with suche a wretched loute.

C. Custace.

He doth it so: a iess I knowe hym out of doubt,
And here cometh Perygreke. **C. C.** Then shal we here his mind.

T. Trusty.

Roister Doister.

Actus. iiii. Scæna. vj.

Merygreeke. Christian Custance. Trist. Trusty.

- M. Mery.
C. Custace.
M. Mery.
Tris. & Cu.
M. Mery.
Tristram.
M. Mery.
C. Custace.
T. Trusty.
C. Custace.
T. Trusty.
C. Custace.
M. Mery.
T. Trusty.
M. Mery.
- Custance and Trustie both, I doe you here well finde.
Ah Mathew Merygreeke, ye haue vsed me well.
Howe soz altogether ye must your answer tell.
Will ye haue this man, woman : or else will ye not ?
Else will he come neuer boze so bypymme noz toff so hot.
But why ioyne ye with him. T. Tr. For mirth : C. C. or else in
The more fond of you both hardly y mater gesse. (sadnesse
Lo how say ye dame : M. M. Why do ye thinke dame Custace
That in this wolvynge I haue ment ought but pastance ?
Much things ye spake I wote, to maintaine his dotage.
But well might ye iudge I spake it all in mockage,
For why : Is Roister Doister a fitte husbände for you ?
I dare say ye neuer thought it. M. M. Po to God I bow.
And dyd not I knowe afoze of the insurancie
Betwene Calwyn Godlucke, and Christian Custance ?
And dyd not I for the nonce, by my conueyance,
Reade his letter in a wrong sense for daltance ?
That if you coulde haue take it by at the first bounde,
We should therat such a sporte and pastime haue founde,
That all the whole towne should haue ben the merier.
I'll ake your heades bothe, I was neuer warrier,
Nor neuer more verte since the first day I was bozne.
But very well I wist he here did all in scozne.
But I feared therof to take dishonnestie.
This should both haue made sport, and shewed your honestie
And Godlucke I dare sweare, your witte therin would low.
Yea, being no worse than we know it to be now.
And nothing yet to late, soz when I come to him,
Hither will he repaire with a sheepes looke full grim,

Royster Doister.

By plaine force and violence to drine you to peise.

If ye two bidde me, we will with him pitche a fiede,
I and my maides together. M. M. Let vs see, be bolde.

C. Custace:

We shal see womens warre. T. Trusty. That fight wil I behold C. Custace:

If occasion serue, takyng his parte full bym, M. Mery.

I will strike at you, but the rappe shall light on him.

When we first appeare. C. Cust. Then will I runne away

As though I were afeard. T. Trusty. Do you that part wel play

And I will sue for peace. M. Mery. And I will set him on.

Then will he looke as fierce as a Cotfold lyon.

But when goest thou for him? M. M. That do I very nowe. T. Trusty.

We shal find vs here. M. M. Wel god haue mercy on you. Ex. C. Custace

There is no cause of feare, the least boy in the strate: T. Trusty.

Pay, the least girle I haue, will make him take his soete. C. Custace.

But hearken, me thinke they make preparation.

No force, it will be a good recreation.

T. Trustie.

I will stande within, and stepp forth spédily,

C. Custace.

And so make as though I ranne away dreadfully.

Actus.iiij. Scæna.vij.

R. Royster. M. Merygreeke, C. Custance. D. Doughtie.
Harpax. Tristram Trusty.

Nowe sirs, kepe your ray, and see your heartes be stoute, R. Royster.
But where be these caitifes, me think they dare not ronte,
How sayst thou Merygreeke? What doth hit Custace say?

I am loth to tell you. R. R. Tushe speake man, yea or nay? M. Mery.

Forsooth sir, I haue spoken for you all that I can. M. Mery.

But if ye winne hir, ye must een play the man,

Een to fight it out, ye must a mans heart take.

Yes, they shall know, and thou knowest I haue a stomacke. R. Royster.

A stomacke (quod you) yea, as good as ere man had.

C. iij.

I trow

Roister Doister.

- R. Royster.** I trowe they shall finde and feele that I am a lad.
M. Perry. By this crosse I haue seene you eate your meate as well,
As any that ere I haue seene of or heard tell,
A stomacke quod you : he that will that denie
I know was neuer at dynner in your companie.
- R. Royster.** Pay, the stomacke of a man it is that I meane.
M. Perry. Pay the stomacke of an hourse or a dogge I wene.
R. Royster. Pay a mans stomacke with a weapon meane I.
M. Perry. Ten men can scarce match you with a spone in a pie.
R. Royster. Pay the stomake of a man to trie in strife.
M. Perry. I neuer sawe your stomake cloyed yet in my lyfe.
R. Royster. Tuthe I meane in strife or fighting to trie.
M. Perry. We shall see how ye will strike now being angry.
R. Royster. Haue at thy pate then, and saue thy head if thou may.
M. Perry. Nay then haue at your pate agayne by this day,
R. Royster. Pay thou mayst not strike at me againe in no wise.
M. Perry. I can not in fight make to you suche warrantise :
But as for your foes here let them the bargaine bie.
- R. Royster.** Pay as for they, shall euery mothers childe die.
And in this my fume a little thing might make me,
To beate downe house and all, and else the deuill take me.
- M. Perry.** If I were as ye be, by gogs deare mother,
I woulde not leaue one stone vpon an other.
Though she woulde redeeme it with twentie thousand poundes.
- R. Royster.** It shall be euen so, by his lily woundes.
M. Perry. Be not at one with hir vpon any amendes.
R. Royster. No though she make to me neuer so many frendes.
Not if all the worlde for hir woulde vndertake,
No not God hymselfe neither, shal not hir peace make,
On therfore, marche forthwarde, soft, stay a while yet.
- M. Perry.** On. R. R. Tarp. M. P. Forth. R. R. Back. M. P. On. R. R. Soft.
C. Custace. What businesse haue we here : out alas, alas. (Now forthward set
R. Roister. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.
Dyost thou see that Perrygræke : howe afrayde she was :
Dyost

Roister Doister.

Dydst thou see how she fledde apace out of my sight :
Ah good swete Custance I pitie hir by this light.

M. Mery.

That tender heart of yours wyl marre altogether,
Thus will ye be turned with waggyng of a fether.

On sirs, keepe your ray. M. M. On forth, while this geare is hot R. Royster.

Soft, the Armes of Calys, I haue one thing forgot. R. Royster.

What lacke we now : R. R. Retire, or else we be all slain. M. Mery.

Backe for the palthe of God, backe sirs, backe againe. M. Mery.

What is the great mater : R. R. This hastie forth goyng

Had almost brought vs all to bitter vndoing,

It made me forget a thing most necessarie.

Well remembred of a captaine by saint Marie.

M. Mery.

It is a thing must be had. M. M. Let vs haue it then.

R. Royster.

But I wote not where nor how. M. M. Then wote not I when. R. Royster.

But what is it : R. R. Of a chiefe thing I am to seeke. M. Mery.

Tut so will ye be, when ye haue studied a weke. M. Mery.

But tell me what it is : R. R. I lacke yet an hedpiece.

The kitchen collocavit, the best hennes to grece,

M. Mery.

Runne, set it Dobinet, and come at once withall,

And byng with th& my potgunne, hangyng by the wall,

I haue scene your head with it full many a tyme,

Couered as safe as it had benewith a shrine :

And I warrant it saue your head from any stroke,

Except perchaunce to be amased with the smoke :

I warrant your head therewith, except for the mist,

As safe as if it were fast locked vp in a chist :

And loe here our Dobinet commeth with it nowe.

It will couer me to the shoulders well inow.

D. Dought.

Let me see it on. R. R. In sayth it both metely well.

M. Mery.

There can be no fitter thing. Now ye must vs tell

M. Mery.

What to do. R. R. Now forth in ray sirs, and stoppe no more.

Now saint George to borow, Drum dubbe a dubbe afoze. M. Mery.

What meane you to do sir, committe manslaughter. E. Trusty.

To kyll sozlie such, is a matter of laughter.

R. Royster.

And

Roister Doister.

- T. Trusty.** And who is it sir, whome ye intende thus to spill?
K. Koyster. Foolshe Custance here forceth me against my will.
T. Trusty. And is there no meane your extreme wrath to slake.
She shall some amendes vnto your good mashyp make.
K. Koyster. I will none amendes. **T. Tr.** Is hir offence so soze?
M. Pery. And he were a loute she coulde haue done no more.
She hath calde him soles, and dressed him like a sole.
Pocked him lyke a sole, bled him like a sole.
T. Trusty. Well yet the Sheriffe, the Justice, or Constable,
Hir misdemeanour to punishe might be able.
K. Koyster. No sir, I mine owne selfe will in this present cause,
Be Sheriffe, and Justice, and whole Judge of the lawes,
This matter to amende, all officers be I shall,
Constable, Bailiffe, Sergeant. **M. M.** And hangman and all.
T. Trusty. Yet a noble courage, and the heart of a man
Should more honour winne by bearyng with a woman.
Therfore take the lawe, and lette hir aunswere therto.
K. Koyster. Perygreeke, the best way were euen so to do.
What honour should it be with a woman to fight?
M. Pery. And what then, will ye thus forgo and lese your right?
K. Koyster. Nay, I will take the lawe on hir withouten grace.
T. Trusty. O, yf your mashyp coulde pardon this one trespase.
I pray you forgiue hir. **K. K. Hoh: M. M.** Tushe tushe sir do not.
Be good maister to hir. **K. K. Hoh: M. M.** Tushe I say do not.
M. Pery. And what shall your people here returne streight home?
K. Roister. Yea, leue the campe sirs, and hence againe eche one,
T. Trustie. But be still in readinesse if I happe to call,
I can not tell what sodaine chaunce may befall.
M. Pery. Do not off your barness sirs I you aduise,
At the least for this fortnight in no maner wise,
Perchaunce in an houre when all ye thinke least,
Our maisters appetite to fight will be best.
But soft, ere ye go, haue once at Custance house.
K. Koyster. Soft, what wilt thou do? **M. M.** Once discharge my barquebonse
And

Roister Doister.

And for my heartes ease, haue once moze with my poyson.
Holde thy handes else is all our purpose cleane fordone.
And it cost me my life. R. R. I say thou shalt not.
By the matte but I will. Haue once moze with batle shot
I will haue some penyworth, I will not leese all.

R. Royster.
M. Mery.
M. Mery.

Actus.iiij. Scæna.viij.

M.Merygreeke. C.Custance. R.Roister. Tib.T.An.Aly-
face. M.Mumblecrust. Trupenie. Dobinet
Doughtie. Harpax. Two drummes
with their Ensignes.

What caitifes are those that so shake my house wall?
Ah sirrba now Custance if ye had so muche wit
I would see you aske pardon, and your selues submit.
Haue I still this adoe with a couple of soles?
Heroye what she saith? C.C. Paides come forth w your soles
In a ray. M. M. Dubba dub sirrba. R. R. In a ray,
They come sodainly on vs. M. M. Dubbadub. R. R. In a ray.
That euer I was bozne, we are taken tardie.
Now sirs, quite our selues like tall men and hardie.
On afoze Trupenie, holde thyne owne Annot,
On towarde them Tibet, for scape vs they can not.
Come forth Madge Mumblecrust, so stande fast together.
God sende vs a faire day. R. R. See they marche on hither. M. Mery.
But mistresse. C.C. What sayst thou? Tib. Shal I go set our gose? Tib. Talk.
What to do? Tib. To ponder Captain I will turne bir lose C.Custace.
And she gape and hisse at him, as she doth at me,
I durst ieoparde my hande she wyll make him flee.
On forwarde. R. R. They com. M. M. Stād. R. R. Hold. M. M. Hepe C.Custace.
(R. R. There. M. M. Strike. R. R. Take hāde. C.Custace
Wel sayd Trupeny. Trup. Ah whowzsons. C.C. wel don in deede C.Custace.
H. J. Holde

Roister Doister.

- M. Mery.** Holde thine olone Harpax, downe with them Dobinet.
C. Custace. Now Madge, there Annot : now sticke them Tibet.
Tib. Talk. All my chiefe quarell is to this same little knaue,
 That beggled me last day, nothing shall him saue.
D. Dough. Downe with this litle queane, that bath at me such spite,
 Saue you from hir maister, it is a very spite.
C. Custace. I my selfe will mounfire graunde captaine vndertake,
R. Royster. They win ground. **M. M.** Saue your selfe sir, for gods sake.
R. Royster. Out, alas, I am slaine, helpe. **M. M.** Saue your self. **R. R.** Alas.
M. Mery. Nay then, haue at you mistresse. **R. R.** Thou hittest me, alas.
M. Mery. I wil strike at Custace here. **R. R.** Thou hittest me. **M. M.** so I wil
M. Mery. Nay mistresse Custace. **R. R.** Alas, thou hittest me still.
R. Royster. Hold. **M. M.** Saue your self sir. **R. R.** Help, out alas I am slain
M. Mery. Truce, hold your hands, truce for a pissing while or twaine :
 Now how say you Custace, for sauing of your life,
 Will ye yelde and graunt to be this gentmans wife ?
C. Custace. He tolde me he loued me, call ye this loue ?
M. Mery. He loued a while euen like a turtle doue.
C. Custace. Say loue God saue it, so sone hotte, so sone colde.
M. Mery. I am soye for you : he could loue you yet so he coulde.
R. Royster. Nay by cocks precious she shall be none of mine.
M. Mery. Why so? **R. R.** Come away, by the mathe she is mankin.
 I durst aduenture the losse of my right hande,
 If she dyd not sle hir other husbände :
 And see if she prepare not againe to fight.
M. Mery. What then ? saint George to borrow, our Ladies knight:
R. Royster. Sle else whom she will, by gog she shall not sle mee.
M. Mery. Now then ? **R. R.** Rather than to be slaine, I will sle.
C. Custace. To it againe, my knightesses, downe with them all.
R. Royster. Away, away, away, she will else kyll vs all.
M. Mery. Nay sticke to it, like an hardie man and a tall.
R. Royster. Oh bones, thou hittest me. Away, or else die we shall.
M. Mery. Away for the pashe of our swete Lord Iesus Christ.
C. Custace. Away loute and lubber, or I shall be thy priest. Exeant om.

Roister Doister.

So this felde is ours we haue driuen them all away.

Thanks to God mistresse, ye haue had a faire day.

Tell now we goe ye in, and make your selfe some good chère.

We goe. T. Trust. Ah sir, what a field we haue had here.

Friend Tristram, I pray you be a witnesse with me.

Dame Custance, I shall depose for your honestie,

And now we fare ye well, except some thing else ye wolde.

Not now, but when I nede to sende I will be bolde. Exeat. C. Custace.

I thanke you for these paines. And now I wyl get me in,

Now Roister Doister will no more wooing begin. Ex.

Lib Talk.

C. Custace.

Oes pariter.

C. Custace.

T. Trusty.

C. Custace.

Actus. v. Scena. j.

Gawyn Goodlucke. Sym Suresby.

Sym Suresby my trustie man, nowe aduise thee well,

And see that no false surmises thou me tell,

Was there such adoe about Custance of a truth?

To repute that I hearde and sawe, to me is ruth,

But both my duetie and name and propertie,

Warneth me to you to shewe fidelitie.

It may be well enough, and I wyshe it so to be,

She may hir selfe discharge and trie hir honestie,

Pet their clayme to hir me thought was very large,

For with letters rings and tokens, they byd hir charge.

Which when I hearde and sawe I would none to you bring.

So by saint Marie, I allowe thee in that thing.

Ah sirra, nowe I see truthe in the prouerbe olde,

All things that shyneth is not by and by pure golde,

If any doe lyeue a woman of honestie,

I would haue sworne Christian Custance had bene thee.

Sir, though I to you be a seruant true and iust.

Pet doe not ye therfore your faithfull spouse mistrust,

Sym Sure.

G. Goodl.

Sym Sure.

H. y.

But

Roister Doister.

But examine the matter, and if ye shall it finde,
To be all well, be not ye for my wordes unkinde.

C. Godl.

I shall do that is right, and as I see cause why.
But here commeth Custance forth, we shall know by and by.

Actus. v. Scæna. ij.

C Custance. Gawyn Goodlucke. Sym Suresby.

C. Custace.

I Come forth to see and hearken for newes good,
For about this honre is the tyme of likelyhood,
That Gawyn Goodlucke by the sayings of Suresby,
Woulde be at home, and lo yond I see hym I.
What Gawyn Goodluck, the onely hope of my life,
Welcome home, and kysse me your true esponsed wife.

Ga. God.

Ray soft dame Custance, I must first by your licence,
See whether all things be clere in your conscience,
I heare of your doings to me very straunge.

C. Custace.

What feare ye that my faith towarde you should chaunge?

Ga. God,

I must needs mistrust ye be elsewhere entangled,
For I heare that certaine men with you haue wrangled
About the promise of marriage by you to them made.

C. Custace.

Could any mans reporte your minde therein persnade?

Ga. God,

Well, ye must therein declare your selfe to stande clere,
Else I and you dame Custance may not ioyne this pere.

C. Custace.

Then woulde I were dead, and faire layd in my grane,
Ah Suresby, is this the honestie that ye haue?

Sym Sure.

To hurt me with your report, not knowyng the thing.
If ye be honest my wordes can hurte you nothing.

C. Custace

But what I hearde and sawe, I might not but report.

Ah Lorde, helpe poore widowes, destitute of comfourt.

C. God.

Truly most deare spouse, nought was done but for pastance.
But such kynde of sportyng is homely dalliance.

Roister Doister.

If ye knewe the truthe, ye would take all in good parte.

C. Custace.

By your leaue I am not halfe well skilled in that arte.

Ca. God.

It was none but Roister Doister that foolishe mome.

C. Custace.

Yea Custance, better (they say) a badde scuse than none.

Ca. God.

Why Tristram Troille sir, your true and faithfull frende,

C. Custace.

Was priue bothe to the beginning and the ende.

Let him be the Judge, and so; me tessifie.

I will the more credite that he shall verifie,

Ca. God.

And bicause I will the truthe knowen as it is,

I will to him my selfe, and know all without misse.

Come on Sym Suresby, that before my friend thou may

Anouch the same wordes, which thou dydst to me say. Exeant.

Actus. v. Scæna. iij.

Christian Custance.

C. Custace.

O Lord, howe necessarie it is now of dayes,
That eche bodie liue byrightly all maner wayes,

For lette neuer so little a gappe be open,

And be snre of this, the worst shall be spoken

Howe innocent stande I in this so; pæde or thought?

And yet see what mistrust towarde me it hath wrought

But thou Lord knowest all folkes thoughts & eke intents

And thou arte the deliuerer of all innocentes.

Thou didst helpe the aduoutresse that she might be amended,

Much more then helpe Lord, that neuer yll intended.

Thou didst helpe Susanna, wrongfully accused,

And no lesse dost thou see Lord, how I am now abused,

Thou didst helpe Hester, when she should haue died,

Helpe also good Lord, that my truth may be tried.

Yet if Gawin Goodlucke with Tristram Trusty speake,

I trust of yll report the force shall be but weak,

B. iij.

And

Roister Doister.

And loe yond they come sadly talking together,
I wyl abyde, and not thinke for their comming hither.

Actus. v. Scæna. iiii.

Gawyn Goodlucke, Tristram Trustie.
C. Custance. Sym Suresby.

- Ga. God. And was it none other than ye to me reposte?
Tristram. A No, and here were ye wished to haue seene the spoite.
Ga. God. Woulde I had, rather than halfe of that in my purse.
Sym Sure. And I doe muche reioyce the matter was no worse,
And like as to open it, I was to you faithfull,
So of dame Custance honest truth I am ioyfull.
For God forfende that I shoulde hurt hir by false reposte.
Ga. God. Well, I will no longer holde hir in discomforts.
C. Custace. Nowe come they hitherwarde, I trust all shall be well.
G. God. Swete Custance neither heart can thinke nor tongue tell,
Howe much I ioy in your constant fidelitie,
Come nowe kisse me the pearle of perfect honestie.
C. Custace. God lette me no longer to continue in lyfe,
Than I shall towarde you continue a true wyfe.
G. God. Well now to make you so: this some parte of amendes,
I shall desire first you, and then suche of our frendes,
As shall to you seme best, to suppe at home with me,
Where at your fought field we shall laugh and mery be.
Sym Sure. And mistresse I beseech you, take with me no græfe,
I did a true mans part, not wishyng your repæse.
C. Custace. Though baslie reportes through surmises growyng,
May of poore innocentes be bitter ouerthrowyng,
Yet bicause to thy maister thou hast a true hart,
And I know mine owne truth, I forgiue thee for my part.
G. God. So we all to my house, and of this geare no more.

Roister Doister.

Goe prepare all things hym surely, hence, runne afoze.

I goe. Ex. G. God. But who commeth yond. M. Merygreeke? Him sure.

Roister Doisters champion, I shalve his best cheke. C. Custace.

Roister Doister selfe your wotter is with hym too. T. Trusty.

Surely some thing there is with vs they haue to doe.

Actus. v. Scæna. v.

M. Merygreeke. Ralph Roister. Gawyn Goodlucke.

Tristram Trustie. C. Custance.

Yond I see Gawyn Goodlucke, to whome lyeth my message, M. Mery.

I wyll first salute him after his long voyage,

And then make all thing well concerning your behalfe.

Yea for the pashe of God. M. M. Hence out of sight ye calfe, R. Roister.

Till I haue spoke with them, and then I will you set,

In Gods name. M. M. What master Calvin Goodluck wel met R. Roister.

And from your long voyage I bid you right welcome home.

I thanke you. M. M. I come to you from an honest mome. Ga. God.

Who is that? M. M. Roister Doister that doughtie kite. Ga. God.

Fye, I can scarce abide ye shoulde his name recite. C. Custace.

We must take him to fauour, and pardon all pass, M. Mery.

He heareth of your returne, and is full yll agast.

I am ryght well content he haue with vs some chere. Ga. God.

Fye vpon him beast, then wyll not I be there. C. Custace.

Why Custance doe ye hate hym more than ye loue me? Ga. God.

But for your mynde sir, where he were would I not be? C. Custace.

He woulde make vs al laugh. M. M. Ye nere had better sport. T. Trusty.

I pray you swete Custance, let him to vs resort. Ga. God.

To your will I assent. M. M. Why, suche a soke it is, C. Custace.

As no man for good pastime would so goe or misse.

I set him to go wyth vs. M. M. We will be a glad man. Ex. G. God.

We must to make vs mirth, maintaine hym all we can. T. Trusty.

And

Roiſter Doiſter.

And loe yond he commeth and Merygreeke with him.
C. Cuſtace. At his firſt entrance ye ſhall ſee I wyll him trim.
But firſt let vs hearken the gentlemaſ wife talke.
T. Truſty. I pray you marke if euer ye ſawe crane ſo ſtalke.

Actus.v.Scæna.vj.

R. Roiſter. M. Merygreeke. C. Cuſtance. G. Goodlucke,
T. Truſtie. D. Doughtie. Harpax.

R. Roiſter. **M**ay I then be bolde? M. M. I warrant you on my worde,
They ſay they ſhall be ſicke, but ye be at theyr boorde.
R. Roiſter. Thei wer not angry then. M. M. Yes at firſt, & made ſtrage
But when I ſayd your anger to fauour ſhoulde change,
And therewith had commended you accordingly,
They were all in loue with your maſtrey by and by.
And cried you mercy that they had done you wrong.
R. Roiſter. For why, no man, woman, nor childe can hate me long.
M. Mery. We feare (quod they) he will be auenged one day,
Then for a peny giue all our liues we may.
R. Roiſter. Sayd they ſo in deede. M. M. Did they? yea, euen with one voice
He will forgive all (quod I) Oh how they did reioyce.
R. Roiſter. Ha, ha, ha.
M. Mery. Goe ſette hym (ſay they) while he is in good mode,
For haue his anger who luſt, we will not by the Rode.
R. Roiſter. I pray God that it be all true, that thou haſt me tolde,
And that the ſight no more. M. M. I warrant you, be bolde.
To them, and ſalute them. R. R. Sirs, I græte you all well.
Omnes. Your maiſterſhip is welcom. C. Cuſt. Saying my quarell.
For ſure I will put you by into the Eſchequer.
M. Mery. Why ſo? better nay: Wherefore? C. Cuſt. For an uſurer.
R. Roiſter. I am no uſurer god miſtreſſe by his armes.
M. Mery. When toke he gaine of money to any mans harmes?
Yes,

Yes, a fowle vsurer he is, ye shall see els.
 Didst not thou promise she would picke no mo quarels?
 He will lende no blowes, but he haue in recompence
 Fiftene for one, whiche is to muche of conscience.
 Ah dame, by the auncient lawe of armes, a man
 Hath no honour to soile his handes on a woman.
 And where other vsurers take their gaires verely,
 This man is angry but he haue his by and by.
 Sir, doe not for hir sake beare me your displeasure.
 Well, he shall with you talke therof more at leasure.
 Upon your good blage, he will now shake your hande.
 And much heartily welcome from a strange lande.
 Be not asfearde Calwyn to let him shake your fyst.
 Oh the moste honest gentleman that ere I wist.
 I beseeche your mashepp to take payne to suppe with vs.
 He shall not say you nay and I too, by Iesus.
 Bicause ye shall be friends, and let all quarels passe.
 I wyl be as good friends with them as ere I was.
 Ther let me set your quier that we may haue a song.
 Goe. G. Goodluck. I haue hearde no melodie all this yeare long.
 Come on sirs quickly. R. R. Sing on sirs, for my friends sake.
 Cal ye these your frends? R. R. Sing on, & no mo words make.

Here they sing.

The Lord preserve our most noble Quene of renowne,
 And hir vertues rewarde with the heauenly crowne.
 The Lorde strengthen hir most excellent Maestie,
 Long to reigne ouer vs in all prosperitie.
 That hir godly proceedings the faith to defende,
 He may stablish and maintaine through to the ende.
 God graunt hir as she doth, the Gospell to protect,
 Learning and vertue to aduance, and vice to correct.
 God graunt hir longeng subiecs both the minde and grace.

C. Custace.
 R. Ropster.
 C. Custace.

R. Ropster.

C. Custace.

Ca. Goodl.
 M. Pery.

R. Ropster.
 M. Pery.
 Ca. Goodl.

M. Pery.

R. Ropster.
 M. Pery.

R. Ropster.
 M. Pery.

D. Dough.

Ca. Good.

C. Custace.

T. Trusty.

M. Pery.

R. Ropster.

I. I.

Hir

Harpax.

Omnes.

Hir most godly procedyngs worthily to imbrace.
Hir highnesse most worthy counsellers God prosper,
With honour and loue of all men to minister.
God graunt the nobilitie hir to serue and loue,
With all the whole commontie as doth them behoue.

AMEN.

Certaine Songs to be song by

those which shall vse this Come-
die or Enterlude.

The Seconde Song.

Who so to marry a minion wylle,
Hath hadde good chaunce and happe,
Must loue hir and cherishe hir all his life,
And dandle hir in his lappe.

If she will fare well, yf she wyll go gay,
A good husbande euer shal be,
What euer she lust to doe, or to say,
Must lette hir haue hir owne will.

About what affaires so euer he goe,
He must helpe hir all his mynde,
None of hys counsell she may be kept frée,
Else is he a man unkynde.

The fourth Song.

I mun be married a Sunday
I mun be married a Sunday,

et ho

Who soeuer shall come that way,
I mun be married a Sunday.

Kopster Doyster is my name,
Kopster Doyster is my name,
A lustie brute I am the same,
I mun be married a Sunday.

Christian Custance haue I founde,
Christian Custance haue I founde,
A Wydowe worthe a thousande pounde,
I mun be married a Sunday.

Custance is as swete as honey,
Custance is as swete as honey,
I hir lambe and she my coney,
I mun be married a Sunday.

When we shall make our wedding feast,
When we shall make oure wedding feast,
There shall bee chere for man and beast,
I man be married a Sunday.
I mun be married a Sunday, &c.

The Psalmodie

Lacebo dilexi,
Pastor Koister Doister wil streight go home and die,
Our Lorde Jesus Christ his soule haue mercie vpon:
Thus you see to day a man, to morrowe John.

Yet sauing for a womans extreme crueltie,
He might haue lyued yet a moneth or two or thre,

But

Song.

But in spite of Custance which hath him tweried,
His murther shall be worshipfully buried.
And while some piece of his soule is yet hym within,
Some parte of his funeralls let vs here beginne.

Dirige. He will go darklyng to his graue.
Neque lux, neque crux, nisi solum clynke,
Neuer gentiman so went to ward heauen I thinke.

Yet sirs as ye wyll the blisse of heauen win,
When he cometh to the graue lay hym softly in,
And all men take hede by this one Gentleman,
How you sette your loue vpon an unkinde woman:
For these women be all suche madde piewish elues,
They wyll not be wonne except it please them selues.
But in faith Custance if euer ye come in hell,
Paister Koister Doister shall serue you as well.

God night Roger olde knaue, Farewel Roger olde knaue.

God night Roger olde knaue, knaue, knap.

Nequando. *Andium vocem. Requiem eternam.*

**The Deale of belles rung by the parish Clerk,
and Koister Doisters foure men.**

The first Bell a Triple.

When dyed he: When dyed he:

The seconde.

We haue hym, We haue hym.

The thirde

Koister Doyster, Koister Doyster.

The fourth Bell.

He commeth, He commeth.

The greate Bell.

Dur stone, Dur stone.

FINIS.

